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ANNALS OF THE PENINSULAR CAMPAIGNS.

Annals of the Peninsular Campaigns: from 1803 to 1814. By the Author of 'Cyril Thornton.' 3 vols. 12mo. Blackwood. Edinburgh, 1829.

WE have here another proof of the small utility of histories; of the difficulty of writing any well; of the impossibility (we had almost said) of writing any truly. The author of these volumes has had many peculiar advantages, being a man of considerable intellect, endowed with excellent and liberal feelings, who furthermore has seen much that he describes, and can describe what he has seen in the most elegant and appropriate language; a power somewhat rare among military men. But our readers, we fear, will not give us much credit for discovering that the author of 'Cyril Thornton,' (almost a model of style) can write finely on other subjects. Such then being the said author's qualifications, he has produced a work but too often flimsy in reasoning, and incorrect in facts, overrating, as it seems to us, both the accuracy of his information and the logic of his deductions, in a matter where the most copious knowledge, and a most philosophical mind were requisite. True his composition does not claim the size and dignity of a history, but comes before the world couched in modest duodecimo, with the humble epigraph of 'Annals,' on its back, yet is its structure such, that even the critical author of the 'Novum Organum,' would have classed it under the more dignified title.

Call it what we may, however, the book is a very pleasant one, and our only quarrel with the author is that he did not employ his agreeable talents in a more advantageous manner both for the public and himself. We have already enough written and to be written on the subject of the Peninsular campaigns. There is Southey for the bigots to sleep over, and Napier for the liberals to rejoice over, and Lord Londonderry for those who like him, while 'Blackwood's Magazine' has a body of annuitants pledged to contribute each so many papers on the subject, and not a year passes that it does not occur to some field officer, subaltern, or private, that he will forthwith make a certain number of pounds, by setting out certain facts that he himself witnessed, and every one else is acquainted with. Why then must our author too have a cast into the well-netted waters of the Peninsular invasion, where every fact of any importance has long been caught, swallowed, and digested? No one in these days believes that the Spaniards fought well in the field, or that their generals were wise, or their juntas honest: no one doubts that the plans of Napoleon for the reduction of the whole Peninsula were magnificently conceived and indifferently executed; or that Soult was a great general, and the Duke of Wellington a greater; or that the former's retreat on Galicia was not a grand display of skill, and the latter's on the lines of Torres Vedras a much greater; or that the barbarities of the French armies were atrocious, and those of the natives more atrocious still; or, in short, any thing else that our writer has told us, where he has told us truth.—This, however, is not always the case. It would be indeed infamous, and shew little discernment into the character of the man as developed in his writings, to accuse him of intentional falsehood, but he has, in some places, attempted to treat of subjects where correct information was not accessible to him, and sometimes has been rather careless in procuring and sifting it, where it was within his reach. Unfortunately there is Colonel Napier, with a host of ori-

ginal documents, and great personal knowledge to confront him, and the result is very often to the disadvantage of the latter, from whom, on the other hand, the gallant Colonel might with advantage take some lessons on English composition. But we must proceed to give some extracts from the work.

The character of Godoy is thus elegantly and correctly summed up:

'The minister to whose hands the reigns of government had long been intrusted, was Don Manuel Godoy; and surely never was there a servant less qualified by character and talents, to compensate for the deficiencies of his master. Raised by the illicit attachment of the Queen from the situation of a private gentleman to the highest rank and office of the state, he brought to the task of governing a great nation, a narrow and uncultivated mind, a grovelling and selfish spirit. He was a man alike devoid of principle and firmness; and the only proof of talent exhibited in his unfortunate career, must be sought in the ascendancy, which, under every change of circumstance, he appears to have maintained over the minds of Charles and his consort. By their favour he was first created Duc d'Alcaudia, and afterwards, in honour of the treaty of Basle, which he had been chiefly instrumental in concluding, *Principe de la Paz*. To his hands were committed the direction and patronage of all the departments of the state. Every honour in the power of the monarch to bestow was lavished on the favourite. By his marriage with Marie Therese de Bourbon, the niece of Charles, he was elevated to the rank of royalty; and the state and magnificence of his establishment were such as had never before been affected by a subject.

'Some men there are, who, when called on by events to figure in a new and higher sphere of action than that for which they were originally destined, experience a proportionate expansion of intellect and power—in whom new energies are elicited by the dangers and the difficulties, which, perhaps by a wise dispensation, are fated to surround and darken the paths of glory and ambition. Such a man was not Godoy. In him power called only into development the baser and more grovelling passions of his nature, while all the higher impulses by which humanity is graced and ennobled, slept on in undisturbed repose. Under the sway of such a person it was impossible that Spain should prosper. The honour of the country was sacrificed, her vital interests were disregarded, and the whole functions of the government of a great nation were made to converge towards the single point—the gratification of an unprincipled favourite.

'It is scarcely possible to conceive a court more thoroughly dissolute and degraded than that of Madrid under the administration of Godoy. Those only received his favours who pandered to his vices; and all in any degree distinguished by wisdom, virtue, or patriotism, were treated with contumely and neglect. It has been said that he was corrupted by France; yet, there are many portions of his public conduct and policy at variance with such a supposition. Godoy's was not a lofty ambition: the rank, the wealth, the power he already enjoyed, afforded ample means of sordid gratification, and engrossed the capacities of his nature. France had no bribe of magnitude sufficient to secure the services of a man whose highest aspirations were already sated, to whom future glory, when weighed against present enjoyment, was but as dust in the balance.

'For some benefits, however, and these of no trifling magnitude, it is but justice to confess that Spain has been indebted to the administration of Godoy. He increased and accelerated the impulse of the national industry by patronage and encouragement. He extended his

protection to artists and men of science; and it was in a great measure through his influence and exertions that vaccination became general in Spain, and was subsequently communicated to her possessions in America. Under his administration the inquisition lost its terrors; works of national utility were encouraged and promoted; and vigorous and judicious measures were adopted to prevent the dissemination of infectious disease. Let the censures of the historian, therefore, on the character of Godoy be severe but discriminating. While he displays the darker and more prominent features of his character in their true colours, let him also do justice to those better qualities, by which, in other circumstances, it might have been brightened and redeemed.'—Pp. 12—16.

Our author appears to us throughout his work to hold the patriotism of the Spanish people in too great respect; patriotism, explain it as we may, must always be a feeling commanding our sympathy and admiration, but it is one thing when it signified an enlightened devotion of ourselves to the cause of our country's happiness; another when it means only a blind enthusiasm in the behalf of a tyrant government, or at best a haughty animosity against good and evil alike, so that it come under the form of foreign interference and aggression. The Spaniards hated and resisted the French, not because they expected to be less happy or less free under their yoke but because that yoke was a foreign one. It is well that all nations should have this feeling, but far better that they shall have that insight into their real wants and miseries, which would have enabled any people less degraded and besotted than the Spanish out of evil to have brought forth good, and to have turned the power that resisted to the death, and that successfully, the graspings of external ambition, to the establishment of constitutional bulwarks against domestic tyranny. That they did not so they may thank their own ignorance, their leader's baseness, the English government, and Mr. Frere its meritorious agent. Our author thus writes of Joseph's entrance into Madrid:

'Surrounded by the grandes, and followed by a numerous suite of noble and distinguished Spaniards, Joseph at length set forth on his journey to Madrid. On entering Spain, he was greeted in every city with congratulations by the civic and provincial authorities; but the people were gloomy and silent. It was the moment when Blake and Cuesta were marching to engage Bessieres, and all hopes were engaged in the event of the approaching contest. Should the Spanish army be victorious, no doubt could be entertained that the usurper would be compelled to re-enter France; and, under such circumstances, all were glad to shun the necessity of compromising their principles or safety, by any shew of allegiance to his authority.

'On the day of the victory of Rio Seco, Joseph entered Burgos, and by that event all obstacles to his further advance were at once removed.—On the 20th he arrived at Madrid. The municipal authorities came forth in their robes to greet his approach; the houses by which he passed were hung with rich tapestry; laurels over-arched the streets; and it was amid the deafening and joyous clamour of bells, cannon, and military music, that the new monarch entered his capital. All was loud, save the voices of the people. As the cavalcade passed onward to the palace, the streets were silent and tenantless. The citizens hid themselves in their houses, as if unwilling to behold the living image of their country's degradation. They well remembered—could they forget?—that the throne of this plebeian successor of the Bourbons was based on fraud, perfidy, and massacre. The streets through which he rode in triumph had been reddened

with the blood of their countrymen. Was it in the nature of the haughty and revengeful Spaniards to forget this? Had a few short weeks obliterated from their memories all records of the 2nd of May? No! The people of Madrid did not disgrace the cause of honour, loyalty, and justice, by bending at the chariot wheels of their oppressor. They were, indeed, told that the new monarch came to regenerate the country, to reform the abuses of a government with which the nation were contented, proffering immunities which they wanted not, and a freedom from oppression which they had seldom practically felt. But were they to believe that pure waters could flow from so corrupt a fountain? Was it possible that the usurper, whose very presence in their capital was in itself an insult and an outrage; in whom they saw only the tool and minion of an ambition which trampled on all human rights; to which no impediment was sacred, and which recklessly pursued its course, desolating and to desolate, could be greeted by the Spanish nation as the apostle of concord, the chosen minister of blessings, the saviour of their bleeding and lacerated country?

'This was scarcely to be expected. The Spanish government, though despotic, was not oppressive to the great body of the nation. The nobles, almost uniformly attached to the Court, were seldom resident on their estates, which were occupied on easy terms by a flourishing tenantry. The administration of church property was also highly favourable to the peasantry, who suffered little from the impositions of the state, and constituted a body, hardy, warlike, and independent, and attached to a government under which, for a long succession of ages, they had lived tranquil and contented. By them the evils of despotism were but little felt; the trammels on mental freedom narrowed none of their enjoyments; and the victims of the inquisition were generally taken from a class with which they had little communion either of interest or feeling.

'To a people thus situated, the prospect of political regeneration possessed but little charm. Without knowledge, but that taught by their priests, who inculcated the most slavish doctrines, both political and religious, to them a free constitution was, in truth, nothing but a name. No adage is more true than that a people to be free must be enlightened. The sun of liberty does not rise in the zenith, nor pour down the full flood of his unclouded radiance on regions dark and benighted. The twilight of doubtful struggle must precede his appearance. It is by slow degrees that the clouds which obscure his rays are illuminated and dispelled, till at length mounting in the horizon, he displays the full measure of his glory and effulgence.—Pp. 242—246.

The reason given here to account for a tenantry so flourishing, that 'the nobles almost uniformly attached to the court were seldom resident on their estates,' is highly instructive. Hear it ye absentees and rejoice! ye enemies of absenteeism and recant forthwith!

After talking in very measured terms of the insolent interference of Mr. Frere with Sir John Moore's movements, he thus goes on to apologize for their difference of opinion respecting the advance of the latter from the Portuguese frontier:

'In truth, the minds of Mr. Frere and Sir John Moore were of different mould and consistency. The one, ardent and enthusiastic, was disposed to rely with too facile a credence on the energy and devotion of the assertors of a noble cause. The other, too strongly disgusted perhaps, with repeated proofs of ignorance and imbecility in the Spanish leaders, regarded the scene around him with the eye of a general. He felt little disposed to anticipate a fortunate issue to the resistance which popular enthusiasm might oppose to military skill and highly disciplined troops. They beheld the same events through different media. In the picture of the one, the sun was mounting in the horizon, and the landscape was bathed in a flood of prospective radiance. In that of the other, the last rays of departing light had faded from the sky, and the face of nature lay hid in darkness.—Pp. 25, 26.

Setting aside the badness of this overwrought metaphor, is this the proper way to speak of two men; the one of great military talents, and the very soul of bravery and honour! the other the bold rival of every native boaster in fair and false assertions regarding

armies not existing, and courage never to be displayed, the vexatious interferer with the movements of every British general, the impolitic intriguer with every stupid Junta, and last not least, the man who opposed the project for the assembling a cortes, to give the people of Spain a constitution, by threats of England's displeasure—by the argument that their glory and dominion had been acquired under a despotic government—and that 'it would not appear very becoming the character of well-educated persons to pass censures upon the conduct of their forefathers!'

Our author strongly reprehends Moore's final advance on Sahagun, although we have the authority of the French generals and Colonel Napier for the fact that that movement saved Portugal by concentrating the attention of the French armies on himself at a time when their troops were only ten marches from Lisbon and there was no obstacle to bar their path.

The details of the second siege of Saragoza are given with more spirit than justice. No mention is made of the system of terror which the besieged maintained by the daily executions of their probably innocent comrades, and Palafox is eulogised as a model of heroism and virtue, although Napier states, that 'for a month preceding the surrender, he never came forth of a vaulted building, which was impervious to shells, and in which there is too much reason to believe he and others of both sexes lived in a state of sensuality, forming a disgusting contrast to the wretchedness that surrounded them.' On this question, as neither writer gives his authorities, the reader must decide, according as he judges the one or the other to be possessed of the better information. But in the narration of Soult's campaign in Portugal we cannot be so indulgent, because Col. Napier having access to that marshal's MSS. must be held entitled to implicit credit, at least wherever there is no apparent temptation to falsehood with the Duke of Dalmatia, if he can be supposed capable at all of such baseness. This campaign, as described by our author, proves a tissue of misstatements, of which we give the most remarkable.

When Soult heard of Sir A. Wellesley's advance upon him at Oporto, it became necessary for him to secure his communication with Spain, in order to ensure a safe retreat. But, says our author,

'The bridge of Amarante was in possession of the Portuguese, and thus his only line of communication with Spain to the east had been cut off.

'A body of six thousand men, under Delaborde and Loison, were accordingly despatched with orders to gain possession of the bridge, at any sacrifice. General Silveira was at Penafiel, from which town he withdrew on the approach of the enemy, and fell back to the Campo de Manhué. On the two following days some skirmishing took place, and Silveira deemed it prudent to fall back to Amarante, and limit his efforts to defending the passage of the bridge. The town, which stands on a declivity on the right bank of the Tamega, was instantly attacked and carried by the enemy. Every effort was then made to gain possession of the bridge; but so firm was the resistance of the Portuguese troops, and so strong were the works by which it was defended, that the enemy were uniformly repulsed, and at length driven from the town. In this affair Lieut.-Colonel Patrick, an English officer, who had recently accepted a commission in the Portuguese service, was killed.

'On the day following, the French regained the town, and a fortified convent in front of the bridge. The Portuguese, however, still kept possession of the suburb on the other side of the river, and their batteries commanded the approach. Delaborde, despairing of success from the heavy loss he had already sustained, had issued orders for the construction of a wooden bridge at some distance from the town; but an officer of engineers, having proposed the construction of a mine, the experiment was tried with success. A breach was effected in the works, which the French infantry successfully assaulted; and the cavalry, having crossed the river, drove the Portuguese from the suburb on the opposite bank. In these engagements the native troops behaved with distinguished gallantry and resolution.—Pp. 189—191.

Now it happens that Silveira did not fall back on Amarante, but fled through without a hope of defending it, when Colonel Patrick, without orders, rallied the fugitives, and so gallant and successful was his resistance, that Silveira was obliged to return from the mountains, whither he had betaken himself for safety. The true story of the taking the bridge we give in Napier's own words:

'The 20th, the first barricade was reached by the flying sap; but the fire of the Portuguese was so deadly, that Laborde abandoned the attack, and endeavoured to construct a bridge on tressels half a mile below: this failed, and the efforts against the stone bridge were of necessity renewed. The mine at the other side was ingeniously formed; the muzzle of a loaded musket entered the chamber, and a string being tied at one end to the trigger, the other end was brought behind the entrenchments, so that an explosion could be managed with the greatest precision as to time.

'The 27th, the centre barricade was burnt by Captain Brochard, an engineer officer, who devised a method of forcing the passage, so singularly bold, that all the generals, and especially General Foy, were opposed to it. The plan was, however, transmitted to Oporto; and Soult sent General Hulot, his first aide-de-camp, to report if the project was feasible. Hulot approved of Brochard's proposal, and the latter commenced his operations on the 2nd of May.

'The troops were under arms, and disposed in the most convenient manner, as near the head of the bridge as the necessity of keeping them hidden would permit; and at eight o'clock, all being prepared, and the moon shining bright, twenty men were sent a little below the bridge, and directed to open an oblique fire of musketry against the entrenchments. This being replied to, and the attention of the Portuguese attracted, a sapper, dressed in dark grey, crawled out, and pushed with his head a barrel of powder, which was likewise enveloped in grey cloth to deaden the sound, along that side of the bridge which was darkened by the shadow of the parapet: when he had placed his barrel against the entrenchment covering the Portuguese mine, he retired in the same manner. Two others followed in succession, and retired without being discovered; but the fourth, after placing the barrel, rose on his feet and run back, but was immediately shot at and wounded.

'The fire of the Portuguese was now directed on the bridge itself; but as the barrels were not discovered, after a time it ceased; and a fifth sapper advancing like the others, attached a sausage seventy yards long to the barrels. At two o'clock in the morning the whole was completed; and as the French kept very quiet, the Portuguese remained tranquil and unsuspecting.

'Brochard had calculated that the effect of four barrels exploding together would destroy the Portuguese entrenchments, and burn the cord attached to their mine. The event proved that he was right; for a thick fog arising about three o'clock, the sausage was fired, and the explosion made a large breach. Brochard, with his sappers, instantly jumped on to the bridge, threw water into the mine, cut away all obstacles, and, followed by a column of grenadiers, was at the other side before the smoke cleared away. The grenadiers being supported by other troops, not only the suburb, but the camp on the height behind were carried without a check, and the Portuguese dispersing, fled over the mountains.—Napier, vol. 2, pp. 243—245.

Having thus severely exposed some of our author's errors, it is our duty to exhibit a portion of his merits. He thus ably describes the siege of Gerona:

'On the sixth of May, the besiegers appeared before Gerona; and taking possession of the heights of Casa Roca, and Costarreja, began to form their lines without opposition. The garrison of the city, which amounted only to three thousand four hundred men, was commanded by Don Mariano Alvarez; and the inhabitants, encouraged by having twice driven the enemy from their walls, were again prepared to signalize their patriotism by a strenuous and unshrinking defence.

'Since the period of the former siege, the fortifications of the place had been considerably strengthened. The three advanced redoubts, of which the enemy, in eighteen hundred and eight, had gained easy possession, were now in a complete state of defence; and much labour had

been expended in increasing the security of the other works.

When the lines were completed, a summons was sent into the city, exhorting Alvarez to avoid the evils which could not fail to result from resistance. All terms, however, were rejected, and the siege went on.

On the night of the thirteenth of June, the bombardment commenced. This event had not been unprovided for by the inhabitants. The alarm sounded; and the women, the aged, and the children, sought refuge in cellars, and other places of comparative security, which had been prepared for their reception. On the seventeenth, an ill-judged sally was made by the besieged, which, though successful, was yet attended by a loss of life which more than counterbalanced the benefit it produced.

The bombardment continued, and spread devastation through the buildings of the city. Several hospitals were destroyed; and the difficulty of providing accommodation for the sick and wounded, became daily greater. Fever and disease broke out among the inhabitants, yet their spirit remained firm and unbroken.

In the meanwhile, St. Cyr, who had hitherto remained in his position near Vich, moved his head-quarters to Caldas de Malavella, in order to prevent succours being thrown into Gerona; and his army occupied a line, extending from the Ona to San Feliu de Guixols, from which place the Spaniards, after an obstinate resistance, were driven on the twenty-first. While thus stationed, the general received official intelligence that Marshal Augerau was about to supersede him in the command of the seventh corps; and this circumstance contributed to deprive him of the influence which he would otherwise naturally have exerted on the operations of the siege. He objected to the manner in which Verdier had conducted his advances against the town, and his neglect of many salutary precautions. But his opinions were disregarded, and Verdier continued to prosecute the siege, in full expectation of speedily becoming master of the place.

The redoubts in advance of Mount Jouy, were carried by assault, and with a facility which tended to increase the contempt with which the French army regarded their opponents. Emboldened by this success, they determined to assault a breach which a battery of twenty guns had opened in one of the bastions of Mount Jouy. The attack was made in the night of the 4th of July, and terminated in the complete repulse of the assailants.

During the three following days an incessant fire was kept up on the breach; and on the eighth, it was again assaulted. The French columns were received with a fire, so well directed and destructive, that, after several ineffectual efforts, the troops were withdrawn in confusion, with the loss of eleven hundred of their number.

From this time forward the siege was conducted with greater prudence. Batteries were opened on three different sides of the fort, and every precaution was adopted to ensure success. An entire month passed in the dispute of a ravelin, which, when at length carried by the enemy, was found untenable from being exposed to the musketry from the fort.

With the contests for possession of the ravelin personal conflict ceased between the garrison of Mount Jouy and the besiegers. Though the defences were daily suffering by the enemy's mines and artillery, yet the fort was not abandoned till the walls had been nearly levelled with the ground, and the whole guns had been silenced. In this situation, the ruins were resigned to the enemy; and on the night of the eleventh of August, the garrison effected its retreat.

In defence of the town an equal share of resolution and gallantry was displayed. By the surrender of Mount Jouy, the French were enabled to throw up works nearer to the *enceinte*, and a tremendous fire was opened from their numerous batteries.

Towards the end of August, several breaches had been made, and the garrison was greatly reduced by the casualties of war and disease. The hospitals were already crowded, and unable to contain the patients whose situation demanded admission. The ravages of the fever were hourly increasing, and the want of provisions began to be severely felt. Yet no proposal of surrender was heard in the city. The determination of all ranks to re-

sist the enemy to the last extremity remained unshaken by calamity.

At this critical period, Blake having, by a series of skilful manœuvres, succeeded in deceiving St. Cyr as to his intentions, was enabled to throw three thousand of his army, with a supply of provisions, into the city. By this timely reinforcement the spirits of the garrison were raised; and the besiegers, from a want of ammunition, were compelled for a time to suspend their operations. The interval thus afforded was employed in strengthening and repairing the dilapidations of the place.

On receiving the expected supplies, the besiegers redoubled their quantity of fire, and on the eighteenth of September three breaches were declared practicable. On the day following, the assault was made, and the struggle, which was long and severe, at length terminated in favour of the garrison. The French were repulsed in all their efforts, and having suffered great loss, were at length withdrawn in disorder.

The besiegers were dispirited by this signal defeat of their greatest effort. It was determined to convert the siege into a blockade, and to reduce those by famine whom they could not conquer by the sword. This was done. The situation of the garrison and the inhabitants of the city, was one of accumulated suffering. Famine was in their dwellings. The supply of corn was small, and the mules and horses were slaughtered at the shambles. The fever, which the heats of summer had rendered more virulent and fatal, was raging in its fury, and other forms of disease, scarcely less destructive, assailed those whom the pestilence had spared.

It is not in the breach or on the battle-field,—it is not amid the inspiring and glorious accompaniments of hostile struggle, where death comes suddenly if he comes at all, and the heart which panted for victory, and the lips which shouted triumph, in a moment become mute and motionless,—it is not in such circumstances that the courage of the human soul is most severely tested. In Gerona, the period of active struggle had passed away. All that now remained to its inhabitants, was to exert that calm and passive fortitude, that firmness of endurance, which shrinks from no suffering which duty demanded they should encounter. This highest, rarest, and noblest description of courage, was not wanting in the Geronans. Amid famine and pestilence they remained unshaken, hoping the best, yet prepared to brave the worst; looking for succour, but determined on resistance.

Relief—enough only to prolong their sufferings—came. General O'Donnell, with one hundred and sixty mules loaded with provisions, succeeded, on the side of Bispal, in breaking through the enemy and reaching the town. The same officer, by a bold and skilful manœuvre, subsequently succeeded in passing the besieging army, and retreating with his troops.

The joy of the inhabitants at this seasonable relief was at first great. It raised hopes of support from without, which were not realized. Marshal Augerau had assumed the command of the besieging army. Convoys of provisions arrived from France, accompanied by a large reinforcement of troops; and a detachment which had been sent against Hostalrich, drove the Spaniards from the town, and became masters of the large magazines which had been formed there.

The hope of external relief no longer existed in the city. A fearful mortality was raging within its walls. The burial-places were choked with corpses, and the deaths sometimes amounted even to seventy a day. Augerau straitened the blockade, and persevered in bombarding the city. He likewise sent letters into the city, to communicate his victory at Hostalrich, the defeat of Blake's army, and the peace with Austria. With a humanity highly honourable, he even offered to grant an armistice for a month, and suffer supplies immediately to enter the city, provided Alvarez would capitulate at the expiration of that period, should the city not be relieved.

The Geronans, however, were prepared to bear all, and would not, for the sake of shortening their own sufferings, consent to aught that might injure their country. They knew that, should they accept the proposal of Augerau, a large proportion of the besieging army would become disposable for other operations. The offer, therefore, was declined. The records of history present few instances of more pure and memorable heroism.

Notwithstanding the sufferings of the besieged, few cases occurred of desertion. But in one instance ten officers—two of whom were of noble birth—went over to the enemy. At length, however, suffering reached such a pitch, that many of the inhabitants, determined to risk death in the field rather than await his slow approach in the city, attempted to escape through the enemy's lines, and in some instances succeeded.

Towards the end of November, Samaniego, the chief surgeon to the garrison, delivered a report to Alvarez on the state of health in the city. Aware of the nature of its contents, Alvarez directed Samaniego to read it, observing, "This paper will inform posterity of our sufferings—should there be none left to recount them."

The report was a dreadful one. In the whole city there did not remain a single house uninjured by the bombardment. The people burrowed in cellars, vaults, and crevices of the ruins. The water stagnated in the streets which were broken up. The sick were frequently killed in the hospitals. The dead bodies, which lay rotting in holes amid the ruins, poisoned the atmosphere. Even vegetation was affected by it. Trees withered in the gardens, and esculents refused to grow. Within three weeks five hundred of the garrison had died in the hospitals. The sick lay upon the ground without beds, and almost without food. Nearly the whole fuel and provisions had been exhausted. "If by these sacrifices," concluded Samaniego, "worthy to be the admiration of history,—and if by consuming them 'with the lives of those of us who by the will of Providence have survived our comrades, the liberty of our country can be secured, happy shall we be in the bosom of eternity, and in the memory of all good men, and happy will our children be among their fellow-countrymen."

The breaches, which ten weeks before had been assaulted, were still open; and the besiegers having learned that the ammunition of the place was exhausted, determined on bolder operations. All the outworks were carried, and a gallant sally of the garrison, though successful, did not materially amend their situation.

The besiegers had now advanced close to the walls, the breaches were open, and the enemy were evidently preparing for another assault. In this state of things, the brave Alvarez became smitten with the prevailing epidemic. He resigned the command to Don Julian De Bolivar, who summoned a council to determine what measures should be adopted in the extremity to which the city had been reduced.

The meeting was of opinion that further resistance was hopeless, and it was resolved to treat for a capitulation. Marshal Augerau granted honourable terms. The garrison was to march out with the honours of war, and be sent prisoners into France, to be exchanged as soon as possible for an equal number of French prisoners then detained at Majorca, and other places. None but those who ranked as soldiers were to be considered prisoners. The French army were not to be quartered on the inhabitants. The public records of the city were neither to be removed nor destroyed. The inhabitants were to be at liberty to quit Gerona, taking with them their property. The heroic Alvarez was to be allowed to choose any place of residence on the French frontier. He afterwards retired to Figueras, where he died.

When the garrison, reduced by famine and disease, marched out, in presence of the French army, their shrunken forms, their glazed and hollow eyes, their wan and meagre countenances, excited even the compassion of their enemies. On entering the city, it was found that most of the guns had been fired so often as to have become useless. Brass itself, observed Samaniego, had given way before the constancy of the Geronans. It may be added, that brass will be found less durable than the tribute which shall be paid, by all noble and generous spirits, to the heroism and devotion of these intrepid patriots.—Vol. 2, pp. 246–277.

In conclusion, we think this a pleasant, well-written work, but not likely to be of much authority. We had rather its author had written another novel than the history of any war, rather the history of any other war than that of the Peninsula.

NATIONAL EDUCATION.

Christian Education, in a Course of Lectures, delivered in London, in Spring, 1829. By E. Biber, Ph. Dr. 8vo. pp. 287. Wilson. London, 1830.

THESE lectures are unquestionably the production of a man of rare talent and of uncompromising courage. To have conceived the doctrines they set forth, and to have maintained them so forcibly and ably, bespeak the possession of no ordinary powers of mind; while to have dared to promulgate them in the teeth of the prejudices of every class by which mankind are swayed, the prejudices of the world, the prejudices of what is called religion, the prejudices equally of orthodoxy and heresy, of fanaticism and infidelity, shows him to be gifted with a most hardy and undaunted spirit. Dr. Biber, we should conclude, moreover, from the publication before us, must be a really good and religious man; since to no other than one possessing a heart warm with the noblest benevolence, and a mind which thoroughly understands the profound truths and principles of Christianity, and which has implicitly and literally adopted them as rules for conduct, could it have occurred, to place on such high grounds as we find taken in this volume, the rights of the poor to instruction at the hands of their more opulent brethren, or to view in so charitable and universal a light the end of education in all classes.

In considering the nature of the claim to education, it is not, our lecturer affirms, the *interests of society*, not the advantages to be derived from the future exertions of the individual whom we train up, that are to be contemplated, but the purpose of God with every human being, be he rich or poor in the goods of this world. And what is the conclusion deduced from these premises? What but the inevitable consequence, that it is *contrary* to the spirit of Christianity to make distinctions in the nature and degree of education on the ground of a difference in the temporal condition or station in life of the parent; that every man born into the world, without reference to his means, ought to have equal opportunity of cultivating and improving the nobler part of his nature, not for the sordid ends of the world, but with a view to that restoration from his fallen state, to which he is destined by God. This is a startling proposition, and no doubt, when it was first submitted to an astonished audience, many hearers were, as many readers now will be, prepared with what may seem obvious answers. But these answers will be no reply to the arguments, founded on scripture, of Dr. Biber, for they will be only applicable on the supposition that the present constitution of society with all its faulty organization is its natural state. Dr. Biber takes a different view of the social condition, and regards man, not as he is at present, under the influence of a formidable array of worldly prejudices, but as he *should* be, as he *would* be according to the Gospel, were the faith professed by men in the divine precepts of the Saviour, a faith of the heart, and not of the lips only; nay, more, as he *will* be; for our lecturer perceives the dawning of a brighter day, when Mammon shall be dislodged even from his earthly throne, and driven from the dominion he usurps over the hearts of men. For those times it is that Dr. Biber writes; assuredly, as he himself anticipates, he will have few readers and fewer followers, although he may meet with many scoffers at his precepts, in a generation like the present, which has grown up amidst a state of things 'so artificial, so corrupt, so abhorrent to Christian principle.' Men are not yet ripe for doctrines so pure. Christianity has been professed now for nearly twenty centuries, yet are we as little influenced as were the Pagans themselves by the spirit of its founder. We are Christians in word, and not in deed. Visionary as the ideas contained in the following passages may seem to the worldly minded, is there a sentence in them, we would ask, not strictly consonant to the spirit as well as the letter of the Gospel; and were it not

better and honest, we demand again, to deny at once our faith in the divine law, than to attempt to explain away its injunctions in order to make them square with our own vicious propensities, or selfish weaknesses?

'We must not permit ourselves to talk, or to think, as if this life had an existence for itself, and a purpose in itself, as if religion was the only thing in time, that refers to eternity; but we should have it present to our minds, that the whole of this life is nothing, and worse than nothing, unless it be referred to a future state, which, let it not be forgotten, is, at the same time, the original one. This relation between time and eternity we must not acknowledge merely as a doctrine, to be mentioned in our prayers, and urged in sermons; we must make the feeling of that doctrine an habitual feeling of our souls, and let our conduct become a practical exemplification of it. How differently from what it is now, would then the plan of our lives be sketched out, how differently filled up. Instead of setting apart one portion of our time for the service of God, and another portion, generally far the larger one, for the things of this world, we should appropriate to the pursuit of heavenly objects the whole of our time; so much so, that even the bustle of life, as far as we felt it a duty to participate in it, could never divert our attention, for a moment, from the great purpose. Instead of considering ourselves responsible for the exercise of a spiritual influence, with reference to some persons only, and viewing our relation to others as founded merely in the things of this earth, and, therefore, destitute of all reference to any thing spiritual, we should feel, that every intercourse with another creature, which sets aside the circumstance of his being created by the same God, and placed upon this earth for the same purpose with ourselves, and deals with him merely as with an earthly being, is a positive sin; that it is a duty we owe, both to others and to ourselves, to enter into no relationship whatever, without sanctifying it, as an opportunity of promoting the kingdom of heaven—because every communication, established independently of this object, becomes a vehicle of corruption between others and ourselves. And if we felt this, and gave it practical effect in the regulation of our own lives, how differently should we then feel, and think, and act, with reference to the education of our children. Could it then ever occur to us, to give one education for the glory of God, and another education for the getting on in the world? I think not. We should then perceive, what our Lord means, when he says, "No man can serve two masters;" we should then draw nearer, both in understanding and in practice, to the spirit of the Apostle's injunction: "Whether, therefore, ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."

'It is hardly possible to conceive the immense change, which the literal accomplishment of this rule would produce in the whole aspect of society. If every subordinate purpose of life were done away with in our social institutions, if the majority of men—not to say every man—sought nothing but the kingdom of God, and its righteousness; how many motives of oppression, on one hand, how many sources of anxiety on the other, would then cease; how many necessities, which we have artificially imposed upon ourselves, and the weight of which we foolishly increase, in proportion as we feel their pressure, would then entirely vanish; how many false aims, now proposed by society to its deluded members, would then sink into nothingness; how many temptations to sin, now publicly held out, would thereby be avoided; and how many a legislative enactment might then be spared, which has the object of curing those moral diseases, which the false principles of the social constitution necessarily produce, but, as it is intended to cure the result only, and not the cause, can have no other effect than that of rendering the state of things still more artificial, more corrupt, more abhorrent from Christian principle. How many of those callings, which,—as they have for their object the satisfaction of the unnatural wants, or the gratification of the defiled tastes of society, and for their motive and stimulus, the prospect of worldly gain or honour—are as many snares, in which the souls of men are entangled, would then become utterly useless and unnecessary. How little would men have to do, and to care, for their earthly subsistence, if they forgot their earthly

purposes, and sought nothing but the kingdom of heaven! And how little would there, then, be of that vain religious talk, by which the professing world are now endeavouring to disguise from themselves the absence of real religious feeling, in the greater part of their social relations, and of their daily transactions. This would be a new earth, indeed; in which an orthodox saint, with the swelling arrogance of his doctrinality, and the self-complacent consciousness of his religious popularity, would feel himself quite as new, as the haughty merchant, who thinks himself responsible for nothing but his bills of exchange, and estimates the value of men by pounds sterling.'—Pp. 74—77.

The lectures of Dr. Biber are not all in an equal degree what the world would call merely speculative: his fifth lecture, more especially, may be selected from the rest as devoted to a subject essentially practical. He examines 'What are the obstacles to a more general education of the poor, and what are the leading errors committed in this greatest of all charities as far as it extends at present.' In this lecture Dr. Biber exposes the public ignorance on education; he denounces the jealousies of the advocates of the different systems, and the worldly motives on which they are promoted; he exhibits, in a ludicrous light, the self-congratulations of their respective supporters, at their May meetings; and he points out, in a more serious strain, the error of the principles on which these institutions for education are established and conducted, and the absurdity of the forms adopted in them. His account of visits to the Lancasterian and National Schools, and his description of what is called 'catching the system,' are given in a happy vein of satire, in which we fear, alas, there is but little, if any caricature. Were it not for the seriousness of the abuses which he ridicules, these passages would be highly amusing.

Among other objectionable practices, Dr. Biber condemns the misuse of the scriptures, with which both the National and Lancasterian Schools are chargeable. His observations, we think, are well grounded, and deserve particular attention. We, therefore, give them in his own words:—

'The great matter which I have against them both, and in which I am afraid they are equally guilty, is the desecration of the Holy Scriptures, by making their contents subservient to the instruction in spelling and reading. Whether this be done by giving the Bible itself into the hands of the children as a spelling book, or by hanging scripture extracts round the walls, matters, of course, very little. The blame attaches to the want of a due regard for that book, which contains the records of the revelations of God to man, composed, by their various authors, under the immediate influence and direct inspiration of God's Holy Spirit. On this ground, and on this ground only—setting aside all the deplorable consequences resulting from such a system—I would reprobate, in the strongest terms, the profane practice of those schools, by which that, which was given with a view, to inform us concerning the highest purpose of our whole existence, is degraded into means for the accomplishment of the most trivial purpose under the sun, the mechanical attainment of reading. Is it consistent, I will not say with religious feeling, but merely with common sense and propriety, that that book, which, of all books, requires the deepest thought, and the most perfect collectedness of soul, to be read to any advantage, should, of all other books, be selected for that thoughtless exercise of sounding letters and syllables together; that that book, which, of all others, it is most important for man, that he should learn to love and to esteem, should be made an object of dislike and disgust to him, from his very childhood, by making it the object of laborious and unpleasant tasks, and associating with it every recollection of what is disagreeable and contemptible? What should we say, if we entered a school room, and we found the children spelling, day by day, and word by word, over the finest passages of Milton or Shakspeare, extracted, and pasted on lesson boards, for that express purpose? Should we not all cry shame upon such bad taste? But the very men, who would consider this a piece of unpardonable vandalism, sanction, without any hesitation, the practice of using the Bible for that same purpose; and, although they are

professors and teachers of Christianity, and, as such, pretend to hold the Scriptures in the highest estimation, yet they thus show, by their own doings, that they have more real veneration for the works of human genius, and more taste for classical beauties, than for the inspiration and the simplicity of the sacred writings. Have they ever considered that the practice sanctioned, nay enforced by them, involves a direct violation of the third commandment, the guilt of which will fall upon them? For I put it to the whole bench of Bishops, and to every divine in the kingdom, whether the name of the Lord can be taken more in vain, than if it be taken for a spelling or a reading exercise? Let this question be answered; or, if it must be admitted that the Lord's name is thus taken in vain, then let the impious practice be abolished, and let Scripture be used in schools, as elsewhere, for the purposes for which it is given, viz. "for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness."—Pp. 147, 148.

The following extract from the sixth lecture, places toleration in a light in which, we believe, it is rarely considered:—

"It is true, that there is a sort of toleration exercised by different denominations towards each other; Friends, for instance, will, in members of other denominations, excuse that, which they do not tolerate in each other: and so, likewise, is there among Churchmen, at least among the better part of them, a willingness to make allowance for differences of opinion and of practice, in those which are without the pale of the establishment. This toleration, however, is nothing but, as it were, a truce between belligerent powers, similar to that established by the law of nations, between the civilized states of the world, which, although in the principle of their constitution rivalling with, and opposed to each other, nevertheless acknowledge each other to a certain extent, and make to each other such concessions, as the mutual intercourse between them renders absolutely necessary. In the former as in the latter case, the mutual acknowledgment and toleration is not the result of the principle of Christian brotherhood and fellowship, but of the selfish calculation, that the security and prosperity of the interests of each party, require such concessions to be made to the others. They say, in fact, to each other:—"We wish every one of us to be undisturbed in the pursuit of his own end, by his own means; and we, therefore, mutually agree not to interfere with each other, by an endeavour to unite all in the pursuit of the universal end, by universal means." Such a mutual compact is better:—and who is there that would deny it—than the "holy office," the torture and the faggot; it is better too—although some would call it into question—than penal statutes, civil and political disabilities, on the ground of religious opinions; but though it may be better than anything we have as yet had, is it on that account all that could be desired, all that, as a Christian nation, we ought to have? Does not the mutual compact, of allowing one another to pursue our several ends, undisturbed by each other, involve a compromise of principle, which is inconsistent with the Christian name? A great outcry has lately been raised, that "the Nation has cast off her God;" that "Christianity has been abandoned for expediency;" and what other phrases of a like high-sounding description, a historical pulpit oratory has invented, and a host of hollow-brained hearers—*scrivum imitatorum pecus*—has repeated to disgust. But although the outrageous nonsense of doctrine, with which those declamations were coupled, and the intolerable conceit of the leading men of that party, renders all that they propound exceedingly unpalatable to the humble and intelligent part of the Christian public, yet it does not seem quite fair, on the other hand, that their opinions should be condemned in a lump, and without examination. Be the men what they may, the charge which they bring is too serious to be slighted. It is certainly a point deserving the most careful examination, and, on this very account, a far less impassioned and prejudiced one, than was instituted by those who bring the charge—whether the principles laid down for the regulation of society are consistent with, or opposed to, the principles of Christ's religion, and of his church. In the simplicity of the gospel, it seems to me, that nothing is easier than to answer the different questions, into which that inquiry resolves itself. If we ask, in the first instance: "Are the disciples of Christ to take any

worldly power to themselves, or from others, in his name and for his sake?" the answer which the gospel returns is:—"No; because Christ's kingdom is not of this world, nor ever will be, until Christ take all the power to himself at his second coming." If we ask, secondly:—"Are the disciples of Christ to remain indifferent to the religious belief, and, much more, to the religious state of their fellow-creatures, and especially of those who are knit together with them in one outward society?" the answer of the Gospel is again:—"No! because Christ has declared, that 'he that is not with him, is against him.'" What then, is the conclusion to be drawn from these premises, when applied to the present state of this nation. If it be asked, whether it is, or was, consistent with Christianity, to make the profession of a certain sort of Christianity, nay of Christianity itself, independent of all distinctions among its professors, the condition of the enjoyment of certain privileges, or of the possession of worldly power, the answer must decidedly be in the negative. If it be asked, on the other hand, whether it be, or be not, consistent with Christianity, that a mutual compact be entered into by the different parties, to leave, nay to maintain each other undisturbed, in the enjoyment of their respective prejudices, and in the pursuit of their party interests, the answer must be equally decided in the negative. What, then, is to be done? The breaking down of all worldly privileges is to be hailed, inasmuch as it put a stop to an unchristian practice; and care is to be taken that, in this new position of things, the positive duties of Christianity should be fulfilled. From the moment, therefore, that the legislature did that act of reverence to religion—whether it was intended so, or not, matters not now—by which the desecration of Christianity, as a pretext for the exclusive possession of worldly power was abolished, from the moment that it cancelled all civil and political intolerance from the statute book—from that moment ought to be erased and eradicated from the public mind, that ungodly and hypocritical toleration of opinions, which is founded upon an utter indifference to truth, and upon the pagan presumption, that any thing which men choose to consider and to propound as truth, is, on that ground, to be respected. Let us hear no more of civil disabilities, of political differences, between persons of different opinions, on religious subjects—let that mistake of a half-christianized civilization, be obliterated for ever—but, likewise, let us hear no more of that unprincipled toleration, which has profaned the name of charity by assuming it, seeing that it is nothing but a vile men-pleasing and eye-service, and that the principle on which it rests, viz., that man has a right to believe and propagate as truth, what he chooses, is not of God, but of the wicked one. Instead of that false charity, let *true charity* be introduced—that charity which doeth violence to, and speaketh evil of, no one, on account of his religious belief, or non-belief—but which exerts itself to the utmost, to bring all men and all things unto one, even unto Christ. If this were, what men have in view, and if faith were the weapon of their warfare, they would see, that they need neither political oppression, nor slander, to promote Christ's kingdom—they would see that, pretending to work for such an end by such means, is both absurd and blasphemous. They would then, also, perceive, that it is the spirit of true charity, which it becomes, at this period, imperative upon the nation at large, to follow in the regulation of that new state, which must arise out of the reparation of old sins and old wrongs; not a spirit of compromise, but a spirit of faithful adherence to principle, and of unchangeable Christian love. And what will that spirit prompt us to do? Will it allow us any longer to compromise our differences? No! Instead of conceding to others, to pursue their own way, that we may, in return, be allowed to do the same—that spirit will prompt us to pursue for ourselves, and to invite others to pursue, that one and universal way, which leadeth unto life. But, are we to make no concessions, then, to each other? Oh, yes, we are to make concessions, greater concessions than we ever have made—concessions which will cost us something, instead of concessions which did cost us nothing. We are to weigh diligently and conscientiously, every objection that is made by others, to the peculiarities of our respective parties, and all that we can give up, of our opinions and of our practices, without violating the principles of Christ, that

we are to concede. This is the way, in true charity, to meet each other half way: not to say: "if you be wrong in some things, I will not care, nor shall you care, if I am wrong in others;"—this is the charity not of God, but of the devil;—but to say: "in all things, in which you consider me wrong, I will conform to you, provided I can do so without violating the Gospel; and, in the same spirit, I call upon you to conform to me, in all things that are lawful." How different these two tolerations, these two modes of following after Christian charity! The former can only lead to endless confusion in Christ's nominal kingdom, to indifference and infidelity, whereas the latter has a direct tendency to accelerate the approach of that period, when we shall "all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ: that we henceforth be no more children, tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine, by the sleight of men, and cunning craftiness, whereby they lie in wait to deceive; but, speaking the truth in love, may grow up into him in all things, which is the head, even Christ, from whom the whole body, fitly joined together, and compacted by that which every joint supplieth, according to the effectual working in the measure of every part, maketh increase of the body, unto the edifying of itself in love."—Pp. 187—192.

That these are maxims not suited to the world in its actual state is sufficiently evident, yet should we be slow to pronounce the propounder of them a rhapsodist or a visionary when we contemplate the present condition of society in the most civilized countries of the world, and the very evident tendency already observable to a vast and imminent change, which promises to open a wider sphere to the exercise of the intellectual faculties of mankind taken in the mass, and to give these a degree of preponderance over the animal portion of our nature greater than they have hitherto enjoyed. What the precise results of this change may be, with what rapidity it may proceed, and how far it may ultimately extend, is as yet hidden in the womb of time. Our day, we fear, will not witness the disclosure of the secret.

According to the prevailing notions and practices of the world, the readers of Dr. Biber's lectures will be curious to find out to what sect or party he belongs. But to this discovery his discourses give no clue. They afford good proof that he is not a Tory, yet no one will suspect him to be a Whig. He certainly would not be received into a conspiracy of zealous Hierarchists, yet Puritans and Evangelicals will assuredly reject him: an infidel he is not, for he uses the word, too often, perhaps, and with less charity and philosophical consideration than we should have expected from him, as a term of reproach; yet few fanatics would own him; all that we can make of him is, that he is a GERMAN CHRISTIAN—in other words, a Christian of that pure and philosophical kind, of which, alas, we know no English example. As a foreigner, perhaps, his deviations from received notions, as is the custom in cases of less importance, will be viewed with indulgence by the worldly-minded, and the discourses themselves, on that same account, be read by them with more patience and attention than they would have been had they proceeded from a native. They cannot be perused without advantage.

FAMILY CLASSICAL LIBRARY.

Family Classical Library. Vol. I. Demosthenes. 12mo. Valpy. London, 1830.

MR. VALPY, in the prospectus of his proposed 'Family Classical Library,' contained in the first volume, has not been very explicit as to the method he intends to pursue in the completion of the series. All we collect is, that it will comprise translations of the most valuable Greek and Latin classics; whether any and which of these should be new translations, possibly Mr. Valpy has not yet determined in his own mind. Should this be the case, approving as we do at all events this publication of a 'Family Classical Li-

brary,' whether the old translations be adhered to exclusively or not, we will take the liberty of making a suggestion, (though we fear it may have come too late, from the rapidity with which it is proposed to bring out this series, namely, at the rate of an author every month,) as to the plan which we think would be attended with the greatest advantage both to the public and the publisher himself. The series has commenced with Leland's Demosthenes; it is proposed to follow with Cicero, Herodotus, Xenophon, Thucydides, &c.; Homer, Virgil, and Horace taking precedence among the poets; the series to comprise about forty monthly volumes. With regard to the prose authors, the most valuable have been already translated as well, perhaps, as they could be, and we do not propose improvements on the labours of Hobbes, Middleton, and Beloe; at least such are not important to the mere English classical reader, however they might appear so to the scholar in the present improved state of classical science. But with respect to the poets the case is different; the best translations of these, being in verse, are purely English poems; and though produced by some of our best English poets, are bad as English poems, because composed under the fetters of translation, and equally bad as copies of the originals, because they are totally different from them in essential points; it being impossible to give the spirit of a poem, when the genius of the language in which it is written has to give place to the genius of the language into which it is translated; and this must be the case in a poetical, though not necessarily as we mean to contend, in a prose translation. We find that translations are made of modern languages into each other, with great ease and great success, comparatively speaking; for instance, the German and the English; and that is no doubt because modern languages assimilate so much more to each other in their genius and spirit, than any living language does to any dead one; and similarly it happened that the poetry of the contemporaneous dead languages passed from one into the other with considerable freedom and success; we have instances in the translations of Ennius from the Greek tragedians, of Terence from Menander, of Virgil from Homer and Theocritus, than which none could be happier; but in vain do we look for any instance, where the poetry of a dead language had been clothed in the poetical language of a living one, without losing the greatest part of its vital spirit, energy, and beauty. Another reason of this failure in modern translators must be that, although all good poetry treats so truly and deeply of human nature, as to make itself valuable and striking at all subsequent periods of time, yet the poetry of one age greatly differs from that of another and distant one, as involving quite different feelings, opinions, and prejudices for its subject matter; hence, when an attempt is made to clothe the one in the garb which has grown up with and is most peculiarly fitted to the other, the effect produced is unnatural and grotesque. We like the old poetry, because the passionate part of it represents feelings immutable in human nature, and we cling even to the old manners and the old opinions in an antiquarian sort of spirit; but these at least will not amalgamate with the poetical prejudices of our own age; and to find the old manners and opinions figuring away in the language of the new, must cause the same sort of distaste, as to see curious old armour embellished and set off with the filigree work of modern cutlery; or the stiff features and trim beards of Holbein arrayed in the easy court-dresses of Sir Thomas Lawrence.

The advantages of a prose translation over a poetical one we believe to be these, that, the former being subject to the disadvantages above stated, the latter will have little to regard but the preservation of that nicety of meaning, that spirit of expression, which the other necessarily loses sight of in its own selfish regards; that the prose translator will be able, on occasions of necessity, to sacrifice to this grand object his own language, without giving much offence to his readers, or injuring at all his own reputation; further, it may be said, and particularly of translations from Greek poetry, that this grand ob-

ject will nearly always be compatible with a perfectly pure and even elegant English prose style.

For a proper illustration of this point, we may turn our eyes to the imagery of Eastern poetry, displayed, as it is, so vividly and so faithfully, in our beautiful prose translation of the Bible; that book which Englishmen should regard with a double reverence, not only as constituting the origin and the support of their religious faith, but as fixing the standard, and giving a hope, through the necessity of its own endurance, for the lasting preservation, of the purity of their language. The imagery of Eastern poetry here survives with a spirit and a vitality which could scarcely shine more brightly in its natural and original vesture; but whenever it has been attempted to clothe this poetry in what is called English poetical diction, how lamentable the failure has ever been need not be demonstrated here, either from the labours of our psalmists and hymn-makers, or of those who have attempted poetical versions of the scriptural tales.

It is upon these considerations, and many others we forbear mentioning in this brief notice, that we suggest, or rather should have suggested, to Mr. Valpy, had we been consulted on his plan, the propriety of giving to the public new prose translations, where necessary, of the classic poets, instead of the old poetical ones; a plan surely practicable to a publisher so extensively connected with the classical part of the literary world as Mr. Valpy is known to be; and one of much greater novelty and utility than the present one, if we augur correctly of it, can be considered. The poetical translations of Homer and Virgil, which alone, as we have said, can be expected from the extreme rapidity of publication proposed, are in fact English classics, not Greek and Latin ones; and should be included rather in collections of the miscellaneous works of Dryden and Pope, (of which by the way, let Mr. V. remember, most people are possessed,) than in such a publication as the 'Family Classical Library' is, or ought to be. However, it appears the volumes will be sold separately, and no doubt the publisher has calculated, that a small reprint of the 'Iliad' and 'Æneid' will be no very dangerous speculation. This consummation, therefore, we fear, is past recall; indeed the task of providing a prose translation of these poems would be arduous in the extreme, though most valuable and most desired; but we still earnestly entreat Mr. Valpy's attention to the case of the Greek Tragedians, who, much respect as they must feel for a translator of such spirit and eloquence as Potter, would, we are sure, if they had a voice in the question, greatly prefer being shown up to the British public in a naked prose translation. To execute such a task, in the way in which it ought to be executed, would doubtless require a scholar of first-rate talent; but, if none such will bend himself to that exertion, yet of persons who would produce a prose translation more useful and more effective than any poetical one, however good, could be, there must be plenty at Mr. Valpy's command. Should even this project savour too much of enterprise, we have done; except that we wish, in behalf of our old friend Horace, to make one more suggestion, which may be in time; namely, to give him the benefit of Smart's translation, (who, be it observed, being himself a poet, chose to translate his favourite in prose,) in preference to that of Creech or Francis, or even any which might be got up for him by the best of Horace's poetical translators—Archdeacon Wrangham. Qu.?—Will Moore's 'Anacreon,' form a part of this series? if not Moore's, whose translation will? We think the plan of a prose translation, never yet attempted, particularly applicable to this poet. Yet one word more; Heaven defend us from Creech's 'Theocritus'!

Nothing has yet been said of the contents of the present volume, the first of the series, containing a part only of Leland's 'Demosthenes,' to be concluded in the next volume. We have never read this translation, but will take Dr. Parr's word for it, that it is as good as could be obtained;

and with his opinion of Leland we shall conclude this notice:

"In the Translation of Demosthenes, Leland unites the man of taste with the man of learning, and shows himself to have possessed not only a competent knowledge of the Greek language, but that clearness in his own conceptions, and that animation in his feelings, which enabled him to catch the real meaning, and to preserve the genuine spirit, of the most perfect orator Athens ever produced."—Parr.

TRAVELS IN CHALDEA.

Travels in Chaldea, including a Journey from Bussorah to Bagdad, Hillah, and Babylon, performed on Foot in 1827. With Observations on the Sites and Remains of Babel, Seleucia, and Ctesiphon. By Captain Robert Mignan, of the Hon. East India Company's Service; lately in command of the Escort attached to the Political Resident in Turkish Arabia, and Member of the Royal Asiatic Society of Great Britain and Ireland. 8vo. pp. 333. Colburn and Bentley. London, 1829.

(Continued from p. 707.)

The subject of this volume is a tour of seven weeks, from Bussorah to Bagdad, and thence to the supposed site of the ancient Babylon. The author proceeded up the Tigris, being towed against the stream by a party of stout Arabs, whom he had hired to accompany him, and disembarking, now on one side of the river, now on the other, as any object by its singularity or antiquity attracted his attention. He at length reached the celebrated residence of the caliphs. Here he spent three weeks, and, at the expiration of that term, made an excursion to the site of Babylon, which, with the time spent in going to and fro, occupied him ten days. In journeying from Bussorah to Bagdad he was engaged seventeen days, viz. from the 22nd October to the 7th November, both inclusive, having in the course of his journey visited the ruins of the celebrated places Seleucia and Ctesiphon.

Captain Mignan, it should seem, is not a man endowed with a very lively imagination, and his graphic powers are not very vast; his journal accordingly is confined to a brief, but we should conclude an accurate, notice of the remarkable objects that fell under his observation: he makes very little attempt at embellishment, and contrary to the supposed custom of travellers, still less at invention. His account of the country, therefore, is rather instructive to those who give themselves time to reflect on his statements, than interesting to the cursory reader. It is not very obvious indeed what there is to remove such a journey as that which he was engaged in from deserving to be classed among the most wearisome of all undertakings, but that indescribable sensation of almost unaccountable interest, which some men take (and we by no means intend to impute affectation to the feeling,) in places which have no single feature of beauty or other charm to boast of, and which possess, in short, no other attraction whatever than some distant historical association connected with them, or their absolute and entire difference in aspect from any thing the traveller has before been accustomed to.

The monotony of the country traversed by our author is now and then, it is true, interrupted by the meeting with a horde of Arabs, or some relic of an ancient monument, innocent, it would seem, of the slightest claim to admiration, from any character of beauty, and only calculated to interest by its appeal to the curiosity. These masses, however, are the principal object of Captain Mignan's research. He dwells on them and describes them with minuteness, while the appearance of the singular inhabitants of this arid wilderness seem to have made little or no impression on him. 'At three, p.m. we saw an encampment of Arabs crossing the river on inflated sheepskins,' is all the account he gives of a scene so singular to the eyes of an European; while the beholding enormous masses of brick and cement, ap-

parently without form or purpose, which seem to have no earthly claim to excite emotion besides their vastness, the discovery of a clump, or of a brick of unusual size, afford him a delight which 'time will not efface.' Captain Mignan we conclude to be an antiquary in grain. As such he is a traveller of observation, who, although going over ground that has often been traversed before, and of which there is no great dearth of previous descriptions, reflects and examines for himself. Hence we have the suggestion that the two monuments, the El' Hamir and the Bir's Nimrod, standing respectively on the north-east and south-west of the Euphrates, were part of the ancient city and situated at two extreme points of its quadrangular area.

The public, at any rate, are indebted to Captain Mignan for the publication of his researches; they seem to have been made with discrimination and accuracy, and we only regret that the subject has scarcely sufficient originality to be calculated to interest the general reader and to afford proper subjects for further extracts.

We may make amends for this deficiency, however, by referring to the papers published at the end of the tour, which besides a history of modern Bussorah, taken from the composition of an Arab of the tribe of Kââl, contains a memoir on the ruins of Ahwaz, a once celebrated city, situated nearly ninety-two miles north-east of Bussorah, on the banks of the Karoon, in the province of Khuzistan, the ancient Susiana. The author visited these remains in September, 1826. The memoir was read before the Asiatic Society, on the 14th June, 1828.

This city flourished during the dynasty of the Abbassides, and there are no traces of its having ever existed under the dominion of the Persians; and an Arab author describes it as having been, in the time of those Khalifs, one of the largest cities of the earth. The same author says,—

"What are now thick and impervious woods, were once extensive plantations of sugar-cane. Large vats and manufactories of sugar were also in existence; and mill-stones, and other implements of the art of the sugar-baker, are, even now, so profusely scattered over the ancient site, that it is impossible to number them."

"The river of *Dizful*, a stream nearly equal in size to that of the *Kuran*, enters the latter below *Bandikir*; and here the united waters are termed the river of *Ahwâz*. The *Bund of Ahwâz* restrained their course, so that the waters completely overflowed the land, and not a drop was lost to the aid of cultivation. The intermediate country was covered with plantations of sugar-cane; and the sugar was conveyed to every part of the world, as none of foreign manufacture was then imported into the territories of Persia or Rûm.

"Thus the inhabitants became rich and luxurious, and renowned throughout the earth. As wealth, however, is the parent of pride and insubordination, these wealthy citizens revolted from the Khalifs; until Ali ebn Muhammad, 'the astrologer, surnamed 'Prince of the Zangis,' from having recruited his army among the Zangis or Nubian slaves of Khûzistân and Basrah, took the field with a powerful force, and contended for years against the monarchs of the House of Abbâs.

"In the course of these hostilities, the people served in the ranks of one or other of the rival armies, and were swept away in numbers by the chances of war, until, in the end, the Khalifs triumphed. The rebellious spirit of the people, however, had so disgusted these princes, that they ceased to favour or embellish the city; and the remaining population, left to itself, fell into private feuds and bickerings. Anarchy and oppression ensued; the weaker fled, industry ceased, and with it, the usual resort of commercial adventurers, and the production of wealth. The last poor remnant of this numerous, wealthy, and luxurious people abandoned, in despair, their plantations, and the other sources of their riches and destructive pride, and sunk into desolation."—*Pp.* 296–299.

We now take up the account of the English traveller, which concludes the memoir:

"So far the general description of Arabian authors.—I shall now proceed to give the result of my own investi-

gations on this interesting spot. The modern town of Ahwâz occupies but a small portion of the site of the old city on the eastern bank of the Karoon; and exhibits a mean and solitary appearance, contrasted with the immense mass of ruin that rears its rugged head behind. Its houses are built entirely of stone brought from the ruins; and it can only boast of one decent building,—a mosque apparently modern.

"The population at present does not exceed 1600 souls. Considerable traces are discernible of the *bund* that was thrown across the river; chiefly, if not entirely, for the purposes of irrigation. A part of the wall is still standing, remarkable for its high state of preservation; it is in many places ten feet high, and nearly as much in breadth; while it extends upwards of 100 feet in length, without any intermediate breach. Indeed, on examination, I found many single blocks of stone measuring eight and ten feet.

"The river dashes over the *bund* with great violence, washing with its surges the stony base, and, accelerated by a strong current always running to the southward with rapidity, is projected into a fall; the sound of which is to be heard from a very great distance. Boats of every description are obliged to discharge their goods previous to an attempt at passing over; and, even then, the passage is attended with much danger. I understood that they are frequently swamped.

"The Karoon is 160 yards in breadth at each side of the dyke, and of great depth; therefore the shallowness opposite the town is caused by the great mass of masonry below the surface. The remains of this *bund* are the portions which Kinneir appears to assign to the remnants of the palace of Artabanus, the last of the Parthian kings. Upon what authority he asserts that any palace was erected across the river, or that it was the winter residence of Artabanus, I am at a loss to discover. Kinneir also mentions that many of the excavations in the rock bore the exact form and dimensions of a coffin: for these sepulchral recesses I looked in vain; although, towards the south end of the town, there are several singular cavities, and a few water-mills erected between the rocks; the latter probably constructed since his visit.

"The remains of a bridge I found where he places it, namely, behind the town; and here too commences the whole mass of ruins, extending, at least, ten or twelve miles in a south-easterly direction; while its greatest breadth covers about half that distance. I could not find any person who had been to the end of these ruins. According to the inhabitants, their extent would occupy a journey of two months. Although this is doubtless an exaggeration, it may be as well to mention, as an hypothesis, that they extend to the neighbourhood of Ram Hormis.

"All the mounds are covered with hewn stone, burnt brick, tiles, and pottery. The first which I ascended I found nearly 200 feet high. In many parts flights of steps are plainly discernible, in good preservation; and at the base of this mass of ruins I dug into some graves, and found stones measuring five and six feet in length. Hence it was I brought away several stones with inscriptions upon them in the Kufic character, and others with fret-work,—all indicative of an era subsequent to the Mohammedan. I likewise found some Kufic coins in gold and silver; one was nearly a thousand years old, and is as fresh in appearance as if it had been only just from the mint.

"In every direction I found vast heaps of circular flat stones, perforated in the centre, apparently used for the purpose of grinding grain; though rather *colossal*, indeed, for such a purpose, as they generally measured four, five, and six feet in diameter; and some exhibited characters upon them. The above-mentioned mound varies in height and breadth, and extends so far, that my eye could not comprehend its limits: it is the first of magnitude upon the plain. Five hundred yards to the west of this is a ruined edifice, entirely of stone, measuring fifty feet in height by twenty in breadth. Here are several flights of steps, which may, without difficulty, be traced to its summit, although they are much mutilated, and injured by exposure to the atmosphere.

"About a mile to the east, separated by a deep ravine, stands an immense pile of materials, consisting of huge blocks of stone, brick, and tile of various colours. The

Arabs who accompanied me, said it was the remains of a palace. Its ascent is gradual, but fatiguing from the numerous furrows which have been, apparently, worn by water in its passage. The height is, at the lowest estimate, 100 feet from the plain below. On its summit there are many stone foundations and pavements, as fresh as if only recently laid down, together with several rounded troughs, some of which were of Persepolitan marble in its rough state.

"From numerous caverns we started large troops of jackals; and I picked up a number of porcupine quills. I found it impossible to descend on the opposite side; the face being nearly perpendicular, and exhibiting many frightful chasms. At the base of this pile, the camel's-thorn sprang up luxuriantly, and considerably relieved the landscape, the general dreariness and sterility of which were gloomy beyond all conception.

"This ruin is about three miles from the eastern bank of the river. Proceeding towards for eight hundred yards, in a northerly direction, a conical mound is very conspicuous: its circumference is six hundred feet; the sides exhibit the remains of walls nine feet in thickness. At its foundation, I traced a beautiful wall of masonry for twenty-one feet, which, without doubt, formed the front of some building, finely executed, and very little injured by time: it joins another ruined heap, covered with vestiges and fragments of glazed tile, a coarse kind of crystal, pieces of alabaster, and bits of glass.

"Fifty yards in a direct line east, seven square stone cisterns, sixteen feet long, and proportionably deep, are still to be seen, highly polished internally, and in a perfect state. These remains of ancient splendour throw a mournful shade over the desolate scene. Six or seven aqueducts are to be traced from a ravine, which probably conducted the water to these cisterns.

"Several mounds of masonry form one connected chain of rude, unshapen, flaked rock, lying in such naturally-formed strata, that the very idea that any part of the materials had been accumulated by human labour, from a distant site, is scarcely admissible. The soil on which these ruins rest is peculiarly soft and sandy: the country does not become rocky until the immediate vicinity of Shushter; and even water-carriage thence is attended with considerable toil and expense. Yet the height of these mountainous ruins and misshapen masses induces me to think, that the site must have been by nature elevated at the time the city was built; although, from the flatness of the surrounding country, I should be inclined to oppose such a conjecture; more particularly as there are no mountains between the Shut-ul-Arab and the Bucktiari chain, which is seen hence running N.W. and S.E. Let me not be supposed to exaggerate, when I assert that these piles of ruin, irregular, craggy, and in many places inaccessible, rival in appearance those of the Bucktiari, and are discernible from them, and for nearly as many miles in an opposite direction.

"It is a singular fact, that almost every mound I passed over was strewed with shells of different sorts and sizes. I observed them also on the water's edge, along the banks of the Karoon: we may therefore suppose, that at some former period, the river, or more probably canals from it, flowed through the city. Glass, of all colours, is equally abundant; and fragments of alabaster and pottery are remarkably fresh.

"Many of the kiln-burnt bricks that lie on the surface of the mounds, appear once to have borne some written character; but exposure to the weather, and probably occasional inundations caused by the melting snows of the adjacent mountains, have nearly effaced all traces of it; though, as I have already mentioned, the character on the hewn stone is as clear and plain, as if only just from the sculptor's hands.

"No bitumen was observable on the bricks; a circumstance I much regretted, as it would have afforded a strong proof in favour of the antiquity of the spot. I however met with several small intaglios, generally denominated *scals*, and probably used as such; similar to those found at Hamadân, Nineveh, and Babylon. The round perforated stones that I have alluded to, must, from the Arabian accounts already quoted, have belonged to sugar manufactories. Their numbers are countless. I followed them for a great distance in successive rows, in small dry rivulets; resting so firmly together, that it

would have occupied the labour of several days to have removed any of them.

'The Arabs are always digging up and removing stones, for the purpose of building; yet their expenditure has been nothing when compared to the vast quantities of stone and brick that are scattered about. Perhaps they have excavated a space of three hundred yards, but certainly to no great extent, which is a proof how abundant the hewn stone is, for there is not a house in the town built of any other material. I am convinced, that as large a city as any now existing, might be erected from the ruins that I saw. I was prevented examining many mounds of great magnitude, that extended to the verge of the horizon, from not being able to prevail upon any one to accompany me. The Sheikh, it appears, did not deem it safe to permit me to penetrate far into the desert.

'The ruins of Ahwâz extend likewise, for a considerable distance, on the western bank of the river, in a northerly direction, and exhibit the same appearance as the mounds on the eastern side; though the former are not to be compared with these in point of magnitude. The *bund* that was thrown across, seems to have nearly connected the city together; but, as there is abundant room for conjecture, and much ground for idle supposition, it is better, and wiser, merely to state what is visible: this I have attempted to do; though, perhaps, with a feeble pen. Nevertheless, whatever opinions may be entertained regarding this once famous capital of a flourishing province, we must concur in ranking it lower, in point of antiquity, than either Persepolis or Susa—to say nothing of the "mighty Babylon"—or, how could we persuade ourselves, that Alexander the Great, strict and attentive in observation, as enterprising and successful in war, should have navigated the Karoon, and have made no mention of the city, when comparatively insignificant towns attracted his notice? I repeat, it is my firm conviction, that this city, now one vast heap of ruins, was erected long since the days of that illustrious warrior." Pp. 301—311.

PHRENOLOGY.

Phrenology Article of the Foreign Quarterly Review. By Rich. Chenevir, Esq. F.R.S. &c. With Notes from G. Spurzheim, M.D. of the Universities of Vienna and Paris, and Licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians in London. 8vo. Treuttel and Co. London, 1830.

We have not hitherto entered the lists for either side in the dispute between the phrenologists and their opponents; nor is it our intention now to take upon ourselves the support either of the one or the other cause, and that for a plain reason, which, we think, might be attended to with advantage by the disputants and talkers, both pro and con; namely, that we have never enjoyed the opportunity of observation of facts on so enlarged a scale as can justify the adoption of a decided opinion either way.

The question, it appears to us, is decidedly one of facts; and by a patient examination of facts, such as few can be in a situation to make, must the truth or falsehood of the system be tried. One thing, however, we may venture to affirm, without committing ourselves as partisans; it is this, that those must at best be sorry advocates who resort to wilful falsehood or misrepresentation in support of a good cause. Our abhorrence of lying of every description, and no other motive, induces us to transfer to our columns, from the notes of Dr. Spurzheim, which we find appended to the pamphlet before us, the following notice of circumstances, which have been introduced *ad nauseam* in every dispute on phrenology at which it has been lately our doom to be present.

The first of these circumstances is a little anecdote to which the No. 77 of 'The Quarterly Review' has given currency. It relates to Dr. Spurzheim, and is as follows:—

"On visiting the studio of a celebrated sculptor in London, his attention was drawn to a bust with remarkable depth of skull, from the forehead to the occiput. 'What a noble head,' he exclaimed, 'is that, full seven inches, what superior powers of mind must he be endowed

with who possesses such a head as is here represented!' 'Why, yes,' says the blunt artist, 'he certainly was a very extraordinary man; that is the bust of my early friend and first patron, John Horn Tooke.' 'Aye,' answers the craniologist, 'you see there is something after all in our science, notwithstanding the scoffs of many of your countrymen.' 'Certainly,' says the sculptor, 'but here is another bust, with a greater depth, and a still more capacious forehead.' 'Bless me,' exclaims the craniologist, taking out his rule, 'eight inches! Who can this be?' This, I am sure, must belong to some extraordinary and well known character.' 'Why, yes,' says the sculptor, 'he is pretty well known, it is the head of Lord Pomfret.'"—P. 67.

On this Dr. Spurzheim observes as follows:

'Now my simple answer is, that this little anecdote, which the reviewer knew to be true, has never occurred, and never could occur with me, since I never measure skulls or heads by inches, nor do I ever use language in correspondence with such a fallacious proceeding. The whole story, in reference to me, is an unfounded assertion, and "he who uses such weapons, will find that they must necessarily recoil upon himself, and fatally pierce his own reputation, both for sense and veracity.'"—P. 67.

The cases of Burke and Hare created, of course, considerable sensation among the advocates and opponents of this science. Dr. Spurzheim's observations on this subject conclude his notes. The interest the case excited, and the use that is constantly made of it in argument, must be our excuse for this second extract:

'With respect to Mr. Stone's report of the cerebral development of Hare, Burke, and other atrocious murderers, I suspended my opinion till I could appeal to my only authority in phrenology, Nature. Till then, I could not think that Mr. Stone could publish a barefaced falsehood, in telling his readers that, in comparing the organs of the animal propensities with those of the human feelings in Hare and Burke, the organs of the moral and religious sentiments were not smaller, and those of the animal propensities not larger, absolutely and relatively, than in individuals of high moral and intellectual character. But since I am in possession of exact copies, from nature, of the heads of Hare and Burke, procured by an eminent artist, Mr. Joseph. I cannot help believing in Mr. Stone's moral or intellectual capacity of instructing the public about phrenology. In my collection, among fifty busts and forty skulls (these partly real, partly copies in plaster) of criminals, there are not six with so low cerebral organization as Hare and Burke.'"—Pp. 69, 70.

The pamphlet altogether is worthy of perusal, as an exposition in a modest and moderate tone of the principles of the disciples of Drs. Gall and Spurzheim. The notes of the last mentioned professor give it certainly a great additional value.

Ringstead Abbey; or, the Stranger's Grave. With other Tales. By an Englishwoman, author of 'Letters,' 'The Ring,' &c. pp. 441. 12mo. London, 1830.

(Unpublished.)

We like the tone of sentiment which pervades this neat volume, for though it has a decidedly religious cast, it is warm, genuine, unaffected, and totally free from what is but too well known under the name of cant. When we say, however, that it is religious, we must not be understood to mean that this character is forced upon the notice of the reader, for most novel skimmers would run through the whole without remarking the circumstance. It belongs, in fact, to the very popular class of tales in which we may enumerate 'Display,' and 'Self-Control,' as examples.

The characters are well supported, the dialogue is spirited, and the style is such as few English women could surpass in purity and elegance; though it is occasionally tinged with that regular balancing of the members of a sentence in which Dr. Johnson and his disciples delighted, and which has long grown out of fashion. In speaking, in her preface,

for example, of the character of Lady Delamore, professedly drawn from nature, she says:

'May similar virtues, without the extremity of affliction to call them forth, be awakened in the breast of many into whose hands this volume may fall; and may others, who already know what it is to sorrow, find consolation and improvement from the perusal! Then will not the exemplary being, who has formed the model of that character, have suffered in vain; nor the labour of her, who humbly essayed the portraiture of the worth she venerates, pass without that reward which fame could never purchase, nor the greatest success ensure and ratify.'"—P. vi.

This might readily pass muster as a sentence from 'The Rambler.'

The Eight Books on Medicine of A. C. Celsus, with a literal and interlinear Translation on the Principles of the Hamiltonian System, adapted for Students in Medicine. By J. W. Underwood.

LATIN ought to form a part of the original education of the young Esculapius, long before his mind is turned to the study of his profession, and if such were the case, we think it would matter but little whether the books from which it is learnt be medical or not; but unfortunately many of these gentlemen are as ignorant of the classics as they are of any thing else, and just at the time when they have other far more important subjects for their attention, they are obliged to cram the dead languages into brains which are bewildered with half a dozen sciences to be learnt in as many months, and an art or two to boot. Under such circumstances, unquestionably the shorter the method is the better, and the Hamiltonian system is perhaps more adapted for this than any other; for whatever may be the opinion as to the efficacy of the Hamiltonian system to make a finished scholar, yet there can be no doubt that it furnishes quite enough to serve all a doctor's necessities. We approve much of Mr. Underwood's performance, which we beg strongly to recommend to the notice of non-latinized medical disciples.

Guide to the French Language; especially devised for Persons who wish to study the Elements of that Language without the assistance of a Teacher. By J. J. P. Le Brethon. 4th edition. Baldwin. London, 1829.

THE number of editions to which this grammar has run dispenses us from going further than announcing the publication of a fourth; for the book that has acquired the public approbation needs not that of the critic. Yet, for the information of those who do not happen to be already acquainted with the labours of M. Le Brethon, it may not be superfluous to add, that its simplicity, and the convenience of having numbers affixed to the rules, that their correspondence with the exercises may be more easily traced, render it, perhaps, the most useful grammar extant for such students as choose to be their own instructors. Not that we approve of this practice, which indeed, as regards pronunciation, is quite absurd; and, did we want a proof how ridiculous the attempt would be, we need not go further than the very first page of the grammar before us, in which, to convey to the English reader the pronunciation of the *j* in French, the author has recourse to the combination of letters *zhay*, which, we will venture to say, no Englishman unacquainted with the sound of the French letter alluded to, would ever think of making any thing like it. This, however, is a difficulty arising from the nature of things, and not from any error of our French grammarian.

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THE NEIGHBOURS' CHILDREN.

A Tale by Göthe.

Two neighbours' children, a boy and a girl of nearly equal age, were brought up together, in the hope that they might in due time become man and wife. The parents on either side looked forward to their union with joy. It was soon remarked, however, that their project seemed likely to fail: a strange contradiction and strife arose between these two noble natures. Perhaps they were too much alike. Each had a perfect self-reliance, a distinct will, a determined purpose; both peculiarly and exclusively beloved and respected by their respective playfellows, always antagonists when together; each always building up for itself alone, mutually destroying wherever they encountered; not emulously striving in the same design, but adversely contesting for one point; thoroughly good natured and amiable to their associates; ill-tempered, nay spiteful, only in what concerned each other.

This strange disposition showed itself in their infant plays; it showed itself with growing years. As boys are wont to play at war, to divide themselves into parties, and to give each other battle, the wilful, high spirited girl put herself at the head of one little band, and attacked the other with such violence and bitterness, that she would have put her enemies to a shameful flight, had not her own particular adversary demeaned himself with great bravery, and at length disarmed and captured his assailant. But even then she struggled so violently that, to preserve his own eyes, and not to harm his enemy, he was obliged to untie the silk handkerchief from his neck and bind her hands behind her back.

This she never forgave him. She even invented so many secret contrivances and plans to annoy and hurt him, that the parents who had long observed this strange passionate dislike, came to an understanding with each other, and determined to part these hostile little creatures and to give up all the pleasant hopes they had cherished.

The boy soon distinguished himself in the new situation in which he was placed. Every kind of instruction succeeded with him. Patronage and his own inclinations determined him to the career of a soldier. Wherever he went he was loved and honoured. His energetic character seemed to exercise itself only for the well-being, the delight of others, and he was happy, without any distinct consciousness, that it was because he had lost the only adversary nature had allotted him.

The girl, meanwhile, was surrounded by altered circumstances. Her years, an improved education, and, above all, a certain inward feeling drew her from the boisterous sports which she had been wont to share with the boys. It seemed to her that something was wanting; there was nothing around her worthy to excite her hatred. Love—she had never seen any one deserving of.

A young man, older than her former neighbour foe, of rank, property, and consideration, liked in society, a favourite of the sex, singled her out as the sole object of his inclinations. It was the first time that a friend, a lover, a servant, had occupied himself about her. The preference he gave to her over many who were older, more accomplished, more brilliant, and of higher pretensions than herself, pleased her extremely. His unremitting yet unobtrusive attentions, his faithful assistance in many disagreeable incidents; the suit which he had ventured to address to her parents, but calmly, and rather hopeful than urgent, in consideration of her extreme youth; all this attracted her to him. To this was added the force of habitual familiar intercourse with a person now openly recognized by the world as her future husband. She was so often spoken to as a betrothed girl, that at length she came to deem of herself as one, and neither she nor any body else seemed to think that a farther trial was still necessary, when she interchanged rings with him who had so long passed as her affianced husband.

The tranquil course which the whole affair had

taken, was not troubled by the betrothing. Every thing was suffered to go on as usual. They were happy to be constantly together, and determined especially to enjoy all the pleasures of this beautiful season, as the spring of the coming and most serious part of existence.

Meanwhile the absent one had grown in all manly beauty and accomplishments. He had gained a well-earned step in his profession, and came on leave of absence to visit his parents. He stood once more opposed to his beautiful neighbour in a perfectly natural but yet singular manner. She had, of late, nourished no other than friendly, domestic affections; she was in harmony with all around her; she thought herself happy, and, in a certain sort, she was so. But now, for the first time for a long while, something stood in her way; it was not a fit object of hatred, and she was become incapable of hating: the childish enmity, which was, in truth, only a dim acknowledgment of the intrinsic worth of its object, now broke forth in delighted surprise, flattering respect, obliging concessions, half-willing, half-unwilling, and yet compelled approaches; and all this was reciprocal. A long separation furnished matter for long conversations. Even their childish folly was a source of playful recollections and friendly explanations, and it seemed as if they felt themselves at least bound to atone for their former teasing hostility by their present friendly, attentive behaviour: as if that violent misunderstanding must no longer remain without express acknowledgment.

On his side, every thing remained in a prudent and desirable state of moderation. His rank, his connections, his aspirations, his ambition, occupied him so fully that he received the friendship of the beautiful betrothed with delight, as something thrown into his lot of happiness, which called the more for gratitude as it was little expected. But he did not on that account consider her with any reference to himself, or grudge her to her intended husband with whom he lived on the best possible terms.

With her, it was far otherwise. She seemed as if awakened out of a dream. The strife with her young neighbour had been her first passion, and this vehement war was only a vehement innate inclination which shewed itself in the form of rivalry and opposition.

And now her recollection seemed to be no other than that she had always loved him. She smiled as she thought of that hostile defiance with arms in her hands; she recalled her feelings as he disarmed her; they were most delightful; she would have them so; she fancied that she had experienced the greatest happiness when he bound her hands, and all that she had done to vex or hurt him now occurred to her as innocent devices for drawing his attention to herself. She detested their past separation, she lamented the torpor into which she had sunk, she cursed the trailing, dreaming usages through which so insignificant a man had been enabled to win her; she was transformed, doubly transformed, first one way and then the other.

Had any one been able to unfold her feelings, which she kept entirely secret, and share them with her, he could not have ensured her; for truly, her betrothed husband could not stand a comparison with her neighbour from the first moment they were seen together. If a certain kind of confidence could not be refused to the one, the other inspired the fullest and most perfect reliance; if you liked to meet the one in society, you wished to pass your life with the other; had you chanced to think of higher sympathies, of extraordinary incidents, you would have despaired of the one when you would have looked to the other with the most perfect security. For such distinctions, such comparisons, women have a peculiar innate tact, and they have cause as well as opportunity to cultivate and perfect it. The more the lovely betrothed nourished such thoughts in her most secret mind, and the less any one could have pronounced what would be most to the advantage of her lover, what her ties, what her duty counselled or commanded, what indeed unalterable necessity appeared irrevocably to demand; so

much the more did the enamoured heart cherish its own unrequited fondness; and whilst she was in dissolubly bound by world and family, by her affianced husband and her own consent, the aspiring young man made no secret of his thoughts, his plans, and prospects, behaved towards her only as a brother, but not even a tender brother, and talked freely of his immediate departure. It seemed now as if her early childish spirit, with all its waywardness and vehemence awoke from its slumber, and now on an advanced stage of existence, indignantly prepared itself for more important and more destructive activity. She resolved to die:—thus to punish the once so hated and now so fervently loved one, for his indifference, and, as she could not possess him, at least to marry herself eternally to his imagination, to his regret. He should never escape from her dead image, he should never cease to reproach himself that he had not understood nor explored, nor valued her feelings.

This strange insane fancy accompanied her every where. She concealed it under every variety of form, and although she seemed incomprehensible to all, no one was attentive or acute enough to discover the true and secret cause.

Meanwhile friends, relations, acquaintances, had exhausted every variety of entertainment and festivity. Scarcely did a day pass in which some thing new and unexpected was not devised. Scarcely was there a beautiful spot in the surrounding country which had not been decorated and prepared for the reception of numerous and joyous guests. Our young soldier would also, before his departure, do his part, and invited the young couple, with a small family party, to an excursion on the water. They got on board a large and beautifully decorated boat, one of those yachts which contain a small room for entertainment and little chambers, and strive to transfer to the water the comforts and conveniences of land.

They sailed up the noble stream to the sound of music. The company had assembled in the cabin during the heat of the day, and were amusing themselves with games of skill or chance. Their young host, who could never remain inattentive, had placed himself at the helm, to set free the old boatman, who had fallen asleep by his side. He had, just now, need of all his vigilance and skill, for he was approaching a place where two islands narrowed the bed of the river, and extending their flat pebbly shore, now on one side, now on the other, rendered the channel dangerous. The careful and keen-eyed steersman was almost resolved to wake the master of the boat, but he trusted to himself and made for the strait. At this moment his beautiful enemy appeared on deck with a garland of flowers on her head. She took it off and threw it to the steersman. 'Take this as a memorial,' cried she. 'Do not disturb me,' exclaimed he, while he caught the wreath. 'I have need of all my strength and all attention.' 'I shall disturb you no longer,' said she, 'you will not see me again.' She spoke, ran to the fore part of the vessel, and sprang into the water. Several voices cried, save her, save her, she is drowning. He was in the most fearful perplexity. The noise awakened the old boatman; he seized the rudder, which the young man abandoned to him, but it was no time to change the management of the helm; the boat ran aground: in this moment, throwing off his most cumbrous clothes, he plunged into the water and swam after his beautiful enemy.

The water is a friendly element to him who is familiar with it and knows how to treat it. It sustained him, and the skilful swimmer had full mastery over it. He soon reached the lovely girl, who had been carried away from him; he caught her, raised her up, and bore her along. Both were rapidly hurried down by the stream till they had left the island far behind them, and the river once more flowed in its broad and gentle course. He now first collected himself, recovered from the pressing need in which he had acted mechanically and without reflection: he looked around with upraised head, and steered with all his might for a

flat bushy spot which stretched pleasantly and opportunely into the stream. Here he brought his lovely prize to land, but no breath of life was perceptible in her. He was in despair, when a beaten path, which ran through the thicket, struck his eye. He once more took up his dear burthen—he descried the little lonely dwelling—he reached it—he found kind-hearted people, a young married couple. The calamity, the urgent need, instantly spoke for themselves. All that his own good sense and reflection taught him to ask for was immediately afforded. A bright fire blazed; woollen coverings were spread upon a bed; furs, skins, and whatever came to hand, fit for restoring warmth, were quickly brought. Eagerness to save her overpowered every other consideration. Nothing was grudged, nothing was spared to bring the beautiful, half-stiffened body to life. The efforts succeeded. She opened her eyes, she saw her friend, she clasped his neck with her beautiful arms. So she remained long. A flood of tears gushed from her eyes and completed her recovery. 'Will you forsake me?' cried she, 'now that I find you again thus?' 'Never,' said he, 'never.' He knew not what he said or what he did. 'Only spare yourself,' added he; 'take care of yourself,—think of yourself, for your sake—for my sake.'

She did think of herself, and now first observed the state in which she was. Before her beloved, her preserver, she could not feel shame; but she eagerly dismissed him that he might attend to himself, for all that he had on was still wet and dripping. The young couple consulted together: the man offered to his young guest, and the wife to the lovely girl, their wedding garments, which still hung up complete, the clothing of a bridal pair from head to foot. In a short time the two adventurers were not only clad but adorned. As they met again, they gazed with wonder on each other; beautiful as they were in their rustic attire, and fell with passionate transport, and yet half laughing at their disguise, into each others arms. The elasticity of youth and the excitement of love soon perfectly restored them, and nothing was wanted but music to make their gay spirits dance in their bosoms.

To have been transported from water to earth, from death to life, from their family circle to a wilderness, from despair to rapture, from indifference to affection, to passion;—all in a moment—the head cannot suffice to seize or comprehend so much—it must be shattered or utterly bewildered. The heart, then, must do its best when such a surprise is to be endured.

Completely absorbed in each other, it was not till after the lapse of some time that they began to think of the anxiety, the fear, of those they had left behind; and scarcely could they think without anxiety and fear of the meeting with them. 'Shall we escape? Shall we hide ourselves?' said the young man. 'We will remain together,' said she, while she hung on his neck.

The countryman, who had heard from them the history of the stranded boat, ran without further question to the shore. The vessel was floating safely down. With much labour and difficulty she had been got off. The party were sailing on with no certain destination, in the hope of finding some traces of the lost ones. The countryman, by shouts and signs, caught the attention of the crew, ran to a spot which afforded a convenient landing place, and desisted not from his shouts and signs till the vessel made for the bank. And now when they landed what a scene presented itself! The parent pressed first on shore, for the affianced lover had nearly lost all sense and recollection. Scarcely had they learned that their children were safe, when the beautiful pair, in their strange holiday clothing, advanced from out the thicket. Till they drew quite near, their friends did not know them. 'Whom do I see,' cried the mothers; 'Whom do I see,' exclaimed the fathers. The saved ones threw themselves on their knees before them, 'Your children,' exclaimed they, 'now united.' 'Forgive me!' said the girl. 'Give us your blessing!' said the youth. 'Give us your bless-

sing!' said both, while every body stood mute and motionless with astonishment. 'Your blessing!' a third time, fell from those imploring lips—and who could have refused it?

SMILE not on me, beauty's daughter,
Danger in thy glances lies;
I have looked, as on the water
Looks the moon, in thy dark eyes,
Reading all thy soul's pure story,
Rapt in earnest dreams of bliss;
'Till the awakening thought came o'er me,—
Fond one, dream no more of this.

Do not sing, I dare not listen,
Woe lurks in thy sweetest strain;
Lo! with tears mine eyelids glisten,
Do not, dear one, sing again.

All that's bright, and dear, and cherish'd,
Every spell thou bindst around
This poor heart were better perish'd,
From a breast it can but wound.

Nay, believe me not—'tis madness,
Still that blissful strain prolong;
Wake again the note of gladness,
Murmur on the pleasant song.

Wave thy dark brown tresses near me,
Teach thy lip its lovely wile;
Let me see thee, let me hear thee,
'Softly speak and sweetly smile.'

I will drain the draught of ruin
So thine hand the cup present;
If thy smile be my undoing
I will meet it, love, content.

M. DUMONT.

BY J. C. L. DE SISMONDI.

(Concluded from page 793.)

NUMEROUS manuscripts of Mr. Bentham, on which M. Dumont had already bestowed some preliminary study, remained in his possession until his death. These he bequeathed to one of his nephews, in the persuasion, no doubt, that they would in their turn be made known, and that by their publication the grand system would be completed.

We shall not attempt, in the narrow limits of a necrological article, to explain this system, or to contrast it with those which either before or since its promulgation have been applied to legislation.—The name alone of *Utilitarian Philosophy*, explains all that it is possible to render intelligible in a few words. As a basis of morality, as a moving principle of the actions of men, either considered individually, or as acting in society, or as prescribing to themselves rules in the name of that society, Bentham and Dumont allow only the search after the greatest happiness of the greatest number. They regard it as important, however, that their system should not be confounded with that of Helvetius, who admitted as the moving principle of the actions of men only personal interest, or the greatest good of the individual himself. The difference between the two systems is precisely the weak point in the Benthamic doctrine, the point to which the most vigorous attacks of its opponents are at this day directed. Every man of sound sense, who pretends to compare two systems, be they of morality, of legislation, or of religion, will see that the only means of estimating the one by the other, the only criterion for deciding which is the better of the two, is to examine which has the more certain and direct tendency to the good of all. If under the name of good, is to be understood the moral good, moral perfection, as well as physical good, this doctrine will not even find objectors. But, although our reason assists us in perceiving what is the best for all, it does not teach us that what is the best for all is the best for ourselves. Should the case occur in

which the interest of all is opposed to the personal interest of the individual, reason, speculation alone will not lead us to prefer the good of all to our own. On the contrary, as far as our mere reason is concerned, there will be nothing to oppose our preferring any powerful interest of our own, a passion of the moment, to the interest of a future, which perhaps we may never see, or which we have resolved not to see.

If the system of Bentham is to be expressed by the words, 'Every individual seeks, above all things, the greatest good of the greatest number,' it is contrary to universal experience: if it be expressed by the following, 'Every one ought to seek, above all, the greatest good of the greatest number.' The single word, 'ought,' admits the existence of another principle, far more exalted than that of 'utility,' the duty, the moral principle, that is to say, of which, therefore, it becomes incumbent to seek the origin and impulsive force in another direction than in Utilitarian Philosophy, not, in short, in the interest.

This defect in the system, which was pointed out a short time since, by one of the most devoted friends of M. Dumont, by one of his greatest admirers, M. Rossi, in his *Traité du Droit Pénal*, M. Dumont could never comprehend; for the principle which he referred to as directing the actions of men, the principle of benevolence was so powerful in his heart, that it blinded him to the fact, that a motive, a duty, was necessary to lead men to seek, at the expense of their interest, the greatest good of the greatest number. Goodness was to him the very nature of things, and when the specification of a motive was demanded from him, for labouring for the greatest happiness of others, it appeared to him that he was required to prove what was self evident.

When, in 1814, Geneva recovered her independence, M. Dumont hastened to return to his native country, bringing with him a fortune acquired by his literary labours. He looked on Geneva as the object of his early youthful affections; there lay all his hopes; he was proud of a country to which in return he was an honour; he aspired to see it become a model republic, a state in which all the wisest and most benevolent principles should be reduced from theory into practice, and bring science to perfection by withdrawing it from its abstractions. In the midst of these hopes, so dear to him, he was equally astonished and chagrined at the presentation and adoption of a Constitution, drawn up without the counsel or concurrence of any of those men in Geneva, who had acquired some reputation for their studies of the social sciences. In an address, which, in common with several other citizens, he presented to the provisional government, he exposed the informality of such a mode of framing a Constitution, and the probability there was of its becoming dangerous. This proceeding suddenly awoke the aristocratic enmities, which for twenty years had been slumbering. They burst forth with that outrageous violence which was the characteristic of the ancient aristocratic spirit, but which is now become obsolete. M. Dumont, who knew not what hatred was, in whose heart a sentiment of bitterness never found admission, was, notwithstanding, profoundly grieved at this result. He was on the point of leaving Geneva directly, and returning to England. A feeling of dignity alone restrained him; he reflected that it was his duty to bear up against the storm. The suffrages of his fellow-citizens, moreover, by which he was placed in the representative and sovereign council, imposed on him the duty of contending for the preservation of as much as it was possible to save of the liberties of his country. The combat in which he so engaged, was successful and glorious. Notwithstanding the explosion of ancient prejudices, which had so severely shocked him, the very heads of the party whose aristocratic opinions he opposed, were struck by the clearness and wisdom of his ideas. Not only was he made one of the committee charged to prepare the act of regulations for the representative council, but the project which he presented was adopted both in its principles and forms by that committee, was examined by the representative council assembled

for the purpose of deliberating on that measure, and finally adopted on the 16th of November, 1814. And thus was realised, at least as far as that important object was concerned, his desire of rendering Geneva a model republic; for in no country is there at present existing in practice a set of rules more wise, more clear, more rational, or which more completely answers the ends proposed by it, namely, to protect the minority throughout the whole duration of a debate, so that it may have its arguments fully heard; to prevent departure from the subject of debate; to preserve logical order during discussion, so that every question may be decided by a will expressly pronounced with a view to that particular object, and so that the assembly may never find itself bound through surprise or induction, to what it did not otherwise contemplate; to express, in short, by the votes of the body, the real will of the majority on all the parts, and on the whole of a law. This form, which has now become a characteristic in the customs of the Genevese, and which is observed in the deliberation of all bodies, whether political or not, has proved equal to the most important, the most beneficial reform of the constitution. The delegates of the nation are placed in a situation which enables them to decide with intelligence, and clearly, and completely, and with sufficient brevity, on all the affairs which come within the province of a great national council; and while the framers of the constitution contemplated conferring on this council a mere nominal sovereignty, it has exercised a sovereignty the most real and substantial, with equal wisdom, moderation, and patriotism. M. Dumont has published these regulations, at the end of his *Traité de la Démocratie*.

The Republic had adopted provisionally the French penal code, at the same time protesting against its continuance, and desiring anxiously to be delivered from it. In 1817, M. Dumont presented to the chief magistrates of Geneva the offer of a penal code, almost complete, accompanied by explanations and arguments in justification of its various dispositions: a work, for the most part, taken from the manuscripts of Mr. Bentham. The proposition, in the form in which it was made, was not admitted; the necessity of giving a more national character to this foreign production, by a mature discussion of it before it was made a law of the state was strongly felt; and M. Dumont, on the 28th of May, 1817, was made one of the members of a committee charged to prepare a penal code. At the earliest sittings of this committee, the plan of M. Dumont was adopted, and thus a basis for discussion was established. Notwithstanding this, the code borrowed from Bentham differed so widely from all ordinary forms of legislation, that M. Dumont experienced unceasing obstacles to its adoption, from the lawyers. After twenty-five laborious sittings, the committee, by a resolution dated the 12th of January, 1819, formed from its own body a sub-committee of four members, for the purpose of accelerating the necessary labours and giving them a more uniform character. In April, 1821, this sub-committee had held seventy-five sittings of four hours each, when M. Dumont determined on publishing the project, such as it had been originally drawn up by him. Since that time it has undergone other modifications, nor has the draft of the law been yet brought to a state fit to be submitted to the sovereign council. One of the most fervent desires of M. Dumont, therefore, the desire to give to his country a model of penal codes, has been constantly postponed, and when the fruit of these long labours shall be at last referred to the councils of the republic, these will experience the pain of having to discuss it without the advantage of being enlightened in their deliberations by its author.

The efforts of M. Dumont for the reform of the prison system, met with more success. He had early raised his voice against the great evil arising from the bringing together prisoners of different classes into one prison. His speeches and writings at last wrought on the government so far as to procure the appointment of a committee for the establishment of a penitentiary prison. He was himself the

reporter of this committee to the Representative Council, on the 1st March, 1822. 'Restore to the physical system a pure and wholesome air,' these were his words on that occasion, 'and you keep off contagious diseases; place vicious men under a system in which the cause of the evil shall no longer exist, in which the exercise of virtue becomes to them the means of happiness, and you necessarily produce virtues. The wicked man is not in his natural state, notwithstanding all that the detractors of human nature may urge to persuade us that he is; and crimes, in youth more especially, are in most cases but the consequences of ignorance and of bad education. They are wild trees, which must be grafted, and then they will produce wholesome fruits. The circumstances to which these moral patients must be subjected in order to be regenerated, consist of an habitual system of labour, temperance, tranquillity, and instruction. In such a situation all is new to them, all concurs to produce a favourable impression. There is no noisy bawling, no quarrelling, no giving vent to passions excited by play, or by spirituous liquors. There they are subject to no privations, to no bad treatment which can irritate them, but to a moderate degree of labour, of which themselves receive the price; and to instruction, to which they will attend, at first perhaps reluctantly, but which will soon become pleasant to them.'

What M. Dumont thus announced, was established under his superintendence. The penitentiary prison was erected on the *panoptic* plan suggested by him; that is to say, the prisoners are subject at all hours to a supervision, to themselves not perceivable. It is a true model-prison, which does honour to Geneva, and which all foreigners make a point of visiting. The project of a law for the interior regulation of this prison, which was presented by M. Dumont, in 1824, and which underwent but slight modifications, is not less worthy than the prison itself, to serve as a model for legislators. The establishment has accomplished the end which was proposed by its formation, and which is that from the moment that public justice has been satisfied, means may be used to bring the guilty back by degrees to be worthy of returning into society.

From that period M. Dumont has continued to take a part always active and influential in the labours of the legislature. Political passions had become calmed, prejudices had been dissipated, gentleness, moderation, and the spirit of conciliation, which formed his character, became every day more and more conspicuous. The struggle having ceased, he himself adopted still greater mildness in his opinions and manners. The council, when he rose to speak, were always prepared for some new pleasure; he either illuminated with a brighter light the general principles of legislation, or by the exercise of an imagination mild, brilliant, and cheerful, he ennobled the commonest subjects of deliberation; he referred every thing to the good of all; he gave to details a grace peculiar to himself, and he inspired all with a pride in a country which cherished such citizens as he.

Thus passed a life of seventy years, a life ever useful to his country and to humanity; a life accompanied by the almost uninterrupted enjoyment of health of body and mind; a life, in short, as happy as it was honourable. M. Dumont himself felt this, for he began his Will by an acknowledgment of thankfulness to the Almighty 'for the blessing of a life spent in peace and liberty, and which had been rendered happy above all by the delights of study, and the charms of friendship.' This testament, in which he distributed among all his relations and all his friends, with the most delicate attention, legacies either proportioned to their need, or dear for the sake of the memory of him who gave them, appeared to his fellow-citizens to be the last accents of that voice so endeared to them, issuing even from the tomb to tell them of his still-enduring attachment, to encourage them to good, and to exhibit to them in his own example the happy reward of virtue.

NEW MUSIC.

'Awake thee, Rosalie,' a Serenade dedicated to The Right Honourable Lady Charlotte Bury, by Berry King, Esq. Willis and Co.

THE words are written, and the music also is composed by the above gentleman, whom, from the Esq. added to his name, we conclude to be an amateur; we can, however, with pleasure assert, that the music is so correctly written, that it might do credit to any professor. It is a larghetto sostenuto, in D, something in Barnett's style, and altogether appropriate, graceful, and in good taste.

Select Melodies of various Nations, arranged with Embellishments for the Flute, with Accompaniments (ad lib.) for the Piano-forte, by Raphael Dressler, No. 4. Cocks and Co.

DRESSLER'S fourth number is as interesting as his three previous ones which we have noticed in 'The Athenæum,' and comprises the following twelve choice scraps, well arranged for the two instruments, but equally applicable as flute solos. No. 1. Romance, by Mayseder.—No. 2. Allegretto by the same elegant writer.—No. 3. Weber's characteristic Gypsy March from his 'Preciosa.'—No. 4. The Scotch Melody, 'Soldier Laddie.'—No. 5. 'Fleur du Tage,' French Melody.—No. 6. 'The Rose of the Valley.'—No. 7. 'Ah, sure a Pair,' from the 'Duenna.'—No. 8. 'St. Patrick's Day in the Morning.'—No. 9. 'Au Clair de la Lune.'—No. 10. 'Come gentle Spring,' the admired Melody from Haydn's 'Seasons.'—No. 11. Shield's old beautiful air of the 'Streamlet.'—and No. 12. Mehul's 'La Chasse,' well known as a Quadrille. A pleasing, well adapted, and cheap publication.

'Les Arbres les plus choisis du Jardin,' Six easy Lessons for the Piano-forte, composed by George Frederic Harris. Hoodsoll.

No. 1. 'Le Pecher' is a familiar little waltz, arranged for performers, upon two brief pages, and forms the commencing number of a very useful work for teachers.

'Good Night my Love, my only Love,' an admired Ballad, sung by Miss Halland in the Nautical Drama, entitled 'Fifteen Years of a Sailor's Life,' at the Royal Pavilion Theatre; the Words by E. Timothy, the Music composed by E. Woolf. Ewer.

QUITE in the style calculated for the place it has been written for, and likely to be popular in particular company, when sung by a gentleman with a pipe held within an inch of his mouth during performance, thus well fitted to be a companion to 'Love among the Roses,' 'Love, good Night,' and other such love-able ditties. Several typographical errors require amending, especially the last bar of the introductory symphony both in time and notes.

'Quant, è più bella,' Air Varié pour le Piano-forte (sur un motif de Paisiello); composé et dédié à Madame la Comtesse de Mostoska, par J. B. Cramer. Cramer and Co.

WITH a fresh recollection of the delightful variations given to this air by the great Beethoven, Cramer's arrangement, not being so very different, does not bear the impress of freshness and originality we could desire to commend. The present composition, however, must be, our readers may be assured, clever and ingenious, particularly the eighth Variation, an adagio in Cramer's own polished, graceful, and correct style; and the whole work will be acceptable, and admired, perhaps, even by those who already possess the variations of Beethoven.

'The Traveller to his Mistress,' a Song; the Poetry by Barry Cornwall; the Music composed by S. Goddard. Dale.

A VERY gay and pretty ballad, resembling 'I've been roaming,' and 'Follow, follow, over mountain,'

by being written in common time, and having syllables or words to every quaver, a sort of cheerful recitation, which is interesting to sing and to be heard sung. The ideas of composition displayed are good, but the accompaniment sometimes a little confused and harsh; particularly, for example, in the commencement of the seventh bar on page 3, the combination of G and E flat against the D in the bass, is unusually offensive to the ear; and the C sharp in the same bar should have been D flat, as a flat ninth to the root C, at the period of the fourth crotchet. We have long since relinquished the custom of criticising trifling inaccuracies of notation and grammar, under the impression that such criticisms might not be generally interesting, but our hints, in the first numbers of 'The Athenæum,' having, to our knowledge, been used to advantage by several young writers, they are occasionally thrown out with the best possible intention and good-will.

Grand Sonata for the Piano-forte; composed and dedicated, by permission, to Lady Farquhar, by A. Devaux, pupil of Dr. Crotch, and student of the Royal Academy of Music in London. Boosey and Co.

THE pupils of our musical academy are growing into notice as well as in years, and although, as was apprehended, they are beginning to overstock a profession already much too numerous, to the ultimate injury of that profession as well as themselves, yet many of them have shown sparks of genius and talent, well fanned into flame by good tuition and sedulous practice.

Of this class we cannot but place the author of the work now under notice, although we fear the species of composition chosen will not much reward either author or publisher in a pecuniary point of view.

The first movement (an allegro in F minor) evinces talent and good conception, and if the author can play it well himself, he must be a good pianiste. It extends to nine pages, and is full of 'sound and fury.' The second movement, an adagio in the relative major A flat, is tasteful and harmonious, and the concluding vivace, an alla breve in F minor again, runs, may gallops, through all the keys for nine pages more! Devaux's production evinces considerable practice and assiduity, if not remarkably original or pleasing. A little of the elegance, grace, and temper of Cramer's school would considerably improve the style acquired by studying perhaps Herz, Chaliou, Hunter, Czerny, and other astonishing French writers of the present day.

The Evening Star, Der Abend Stern, composed by Starkel, and freely translated by Mr. Charles Walther. Ewer and Johanning.

We have at length arrived at the 13th number of 'The Foreign Popular Melodies,' principally German, adapted to English poetry; and the present little andante forms a pleasing and elegant specimen, but rather too full of apogiaturs, cadences, and other extraneous matter. The accompaniment would do extremely well for the harp, and resembles exactly that of Rossini's to 'Manca la voce,' in his beautiful oratorio of 'Moisè in Egitto.'

MISCELLANIES.

A MUSICAL BAROMETER.—In Saint James's Church there is an immense barometer erected in the gallery: this is none other than the organ, which, by the variation of its tone and touch, is a faithful reporter not only of actual but even of approaching changes in the weather. Mr. Pearson, the talented organist, assures us that whenever he wishes to know whether it is likely to be fair or wet, he has only to ascend the organ-loft and pass his fingers over the keys. It would be well for Mr. Pearson to favour the public, through the medium of the 'Gazette,' with a weekly report of prognostications. The

organ would then subserve *temporal* as well as spiritual purposes.—*Sydney Gazette.*

LOYALTY.—The following distinction between the two sorts of loyalty, fidelity to the person, and fidelity to an idea, occurs in a recent number of the Paris 'Globe,' in a notice of a new edition of the 'Memoires sur les Cent Jours,' of M. Benjamin Constant, which, in addition to the contents of the former publication, has an introduction devoted chiefly to a personal question. The constant and indefatigable veteran in the cause of liberty, has sufficiently felt, it seems, the accusations made against him, of want of consistency in his political career, to desire to justify himself. On the 19th of March, it is objected, M. Benjamin Constant publishes a vehement article against Bonaparte. On the 16th of April behold him counsellor of state to the emperor. The 'Globe' takes up his defence on this point, and makes the following reflections, which we extract as applicable, not to the case merely of M. Benjamin Constant, nor to French revolutions only, but to the conduct of men during great political changes in all countries and all times. The annals of England, in its recent no less than its more ancient history, offer abundant instances in illustration of the several hypotheses of the French critic.

'Fidelity under any circumstances is estimable, especially when it is active and devoted. But there are at least two sorts of fidelity, the one all instinct, all feeling; the other, the result of reflection, of a will free and enlightened. The objects of the former sort of fidelity are, in general, persons; those of the latter are, for the most part, ideas. There is, it is true, very often a close and necessary connection between persons and ideas. Through fidelity to an idea we may attach ourselves to a person; through fidelity to a person we may devote ourselves, heart and soul, to an idea. Yet the difference still exists, and it is nevertheless very possible that although one of the two kinds of fidelity will shine forth and be conspicuous in the eyes of all, circumstances may cause the other to remain hidden and in obscurity. In most families we may observe some old friend or dependent devoted to it mechanically, as it were, and boundlessly—a being perhaps of slender intellect, but endowed with an excellent heart, always ready to admire, to praise every thing, to perform any service; held in little respect perhaps, but always welcome, well treated, fed with the best, often even caressed, treated in short as a favourite dog, whose colleague or substitute, in fact, he is. In politics also, there exists the same two descriptions of fidelity to the person, and fidelity to an idea; and in these also fidelity to the person, we repeat, it is the most obvious. A man binds himself to another, and follows him through all the vicissitudes of life, as a wife follows her husband.

'This is fidelity,' all will exclaim. No doubt this is fidelity, we reply, but is such the only sort of fidelity? Suppose a man, for instance, who since the year 1789, has been excited by the grand idea of liberty, and of religious equality, is it not a matter of course that he should adhere to it through all revolutions and all governments, that he should declare in favour of the latter when they promote that idea; that he should be hostile to them when they appear adverse to it; consequently, that he should be in turn both the friend and the foe of the Republic, of the Empire, and of the Restoration? Another cares little for liberty, still less for equality, but national independence is his idol. He thinks that at all risks the country should be preserved from the incursions of the foreigner. Is it not easily to be comprehended that such a man might be an aristocrat in 1789, a patriot in 1792, in arms against Bonaparte on the 16th of March, and fighting in his ranks at Waterloo. Where is his inconsistency or infidelity under these circumstances? To be inconsistent, is to adopt a principle, and then act in opposition to it. To be inconstant, is to change our affections and sentiments. But in these

cases we have instances of enduring attachment,—of principle undergoing its natural development.'

LATE DR. MASON GOOD.—That excellent and learned physician, and truly estimable man, used to relate an amusing anecdote of two gentlemen, not mutually acquainted, but both friends of his, who had at one time occasion to correspond, and who both wrote quite unintelligibly to those not accustomed to their writing. The one was a late Somersetshire baronet, and the other a well-known medical knight, who is still in the upper air. The latter called on the Doctor one morning, to beg him to read a letter that he had received from the baronet, of which he could not decypher a single word; when Dr. G. put into his hand one of his own, which had come inclosed to him by that morning's post, from the baronet, with a similar request, that he would read it for him, as he could not understand a syllable of it!

THE VEINS OF BONES.—The veins of bones were entirely unknown a little more than twenty years ago, or at least their existence was merely acknowledged as a necessary consequence of the laws of organization, for no fact, no inquiry, had proved their existence, or discovered their distribution. It was about the period alluded to, that the veins in bones were discovered by the successive or simultaneous labours of M. M. Fleury Chaus sier, and Dupuytren. Then, for the first time, veins were observed furrowing the diopoe, in the form of tubes of bone equally incapable of dilatation, of contraction, of being displaced. It was discovered, and not without surprise, that the blood could circulate in these channels without any aid from the action of their sides, but by the sole action of the impulsion of the blood from the arteries into the veins, or by that of a sort of power of absorption inherent in the last mentioned order of vessels. The veins of the flat bones of the skull, of the shoulders, &c., those of the extremities of the principal long bones were discovered at the period mentioned: much room for investigation still remained. When the science was in this state, the investigation was abandoned for a length of time, until M. Breschet resumed it. The first result of his labours was to confirm the observations of former inquirers, and then to trace the veins through all the bones in which they had not been previously discovered. The success of this class of inquiries has been so complete, that the number of known veins of bones have been doubled, and that now there is no part of the system of the bones of which the veins are not as well, if not better, known than their arteries. M. Breschet has not confined his inquiries to the veins of the bones, but has extended them to those vessels which serve to connect the former class to the general venous system. A work by M. Breschet on the subject, enriched with plates, engraved by Chazal, is now publishing in Paris in folio.

FINE ARTS IN PORTUGAL.—Lisbon is in so degraded a state, that there does not exist in it at the present moment a single individual who professes to be either painter or sculptor according to the received acceptance of those terms.

MAXIM OF OLDEN TIME.

'Get thy goods truly, spende them precisely:
Set thy goods duly, lende them wisely.
True getting eyse spendyng,
Due getting, wise lendyng,
Have we lytle or muche kepeth a man full rutchy,
Vntyll his endyng.'

Extract from 'The Bayte and Snare of Fortune; wherein may be seen that Money is not the only cause of mischefe and vnfortunate endes, but a necessary mean to mayntayne a vertuous quiet lyfe. Treated in a dialogue betwene Man and Money. Imprinted by John Naylande, at the signe of the Sunne, overagainte the conduite in Fletestret.'

COUNT CHARLES VIDUA.—A late number of the 'Van Dieman's Land Colonial Times' says, that Count Charles Vidua, an Italian nobleman of the

first-rate literary attainments, who has been for the last nineteen years travelling in all parts of the world, was expected shortly to arrive there, purposely to insert an account of that singular part of the world in the voluminous travels he intends publishing. Having visited Van Dieman's Land and New South Wales he would conclude his travels and return to Europe. He had visited all the courts of Europe, travelled over Africa, and the whole of America, both North and South; he had already seen every place of note in Asia and was then at Canton, whence he was to proceed to Hobart Town.

THE POST OFFICE.—The following is the total number of letters brought by twenty-four mails, on three days, distinguishing their destination, either to the east or west of Temple Bar.

	East	West	Total
Monday, May 19, 1829.	20,257	17,501	37,758
Wednesday, . . . 21, . . .	12,619	10,951	23,560
Friday, . . . 23, . . .	13,203	10,871	24,074
Daily average	15,359	13,107	28,467

On the same principle of a weekly and yearly average, there are received in London, from the mails, each week, 170,802 letters; making the total number of a year, 8,881,704.

An average of the Return of Friday the 9th, and Saturday the 10th of May, gives the following number of letters, east and west of Temple Bar, from the undermentioned towns:—

	East	West	Total
Liverpool	406	146	552
Glasgow	244	105	349
Manchester	353	105	458
Birmingham	335	140	475
Leeds	191	55	246
Sheffield	105	37	142
Bath	226	303	529
Cheltenham	100	132	232
Oxford	117	155	272
Cambridge	145	149	294
Newmarket	30	68	98
York	80	72	152

QUALITIES REQUISITE IN A GREAT GENERAL AND GREAT DIPLOMATIST THE SAME.—Sir Walter Scott, in his 'History of Scotland,' after narrating the success of the negotiation of the famous Randolph, Earl of Moray, for reconciling his uncle, the Bruce, with the See of Rome, makes the following reflection: 'The delicacy of the discussion was so great, that we are surprised to find a northern warrior, who scarce had breathed any air save that of the battle field, capable of encountering and attaining the advantage over the subtle Italian priest, in his own art of diplomacy. But the qualities which form a military character are the same with those of the consummate politician (q. diplomatist): shrewdness to arrange plans of attack, prudence to foresee and obviate those of his antagonist, perfect composure and acuteness in discerning and seizing every opportunity of advantage, hold an equal share in the composition of both.'

SIR LAWRENCE ABERNETHY.—Among the exploits recorded of Sir William Douglas, known in Scottish history by the title of the Knight of Liddisdale, and who was the natural son of the valiant follower of Robert Bruce, James Earl of Douglas, is his having engaged Sir Lawrence Abernethy, an anglicised Scotsman, three times in one day, and finally overcoming him in a fourth encounter, in which he made him prisoner and dispersed his followers. The combination in one person of the surnames of gentlemen of some celebrity in our days, who have stood in the relative situations to each other of master and favourite pupil, of controversial antagonists, and of predecessor and successor in the professor's chair, sounds somewhat curious, and may be matter for note among the memorabilia of the seekers after remarkable coincidences.

HENRY THE EIGHTH'S BOOK AGAINST LUTHER.—In the Fitzwilliam Museum, (Cambridge,) is preserved a copy of Henry the Eighth's book against Luther, 'Assertio septem sacramentorum adversus Martinum Lutherum,' said to be the identical one that

the author presented to the pope. It was purchased at Rome by Mr. Woodburn, and by him presented to the University. The Vatican does not possess the volume it is true, and the copy at Cambridge contains the monarch's autograph; but then why should all the pope's books go to the Vatican? And the library of Bologna contains a copy stamped with the royal arms and signed with the royal hand: so the claims of the Fitzwilliam copy to be the presentation one are far from being satisfactorily made out. *Hartshorne's Book Rarities of the University of Cambridge.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE beseech the pardon of *** and beg to suggest that the request of our correspondent under that signature should be accompanied by real name and address. We will suppose a case:—The beautiful and inexperienced Lady Georgiana has of late, more frequently than was her wont, ordered to drive to Howell and James'. The Lady Dolly (Aunt and Chaperon) remains in the carriage while the lovely neophyte of fashion just steps into the shop to choose articles of *galanterie* for the evening. By some strange accident, not unmarked by herself, Lady Georgiana finds the one same handsome spark with fresh-coloured cheeks, and well turned locks, unflinchingly attending to receive her commands at the counter; at length, after an extraordinary exhibition of emotion during the performance of the very simple but no doubt, in such a case, very trying duty of fitting the roseate-hue tipped fingers and plump round hand with delicate white kid, the Athenæum . . . 'to-morrow.' That very same evening His Majesty's Twopenny awakens our Editor from his siesta, and a despatch is presented . . . 'To the Editor . . . Sir, A Lady . . . will be greatly obliged . . . insertion . . . sonnet . . . 'To a Lady, on fitting a pair of Gloves.' Now the Sonnet might have been the composition (for hire) of Δ of ξ of Φ, yet withal should we not chuse to be the dupes of the ambitious Mr. Calicot.

We have received the invitation to visit 'Tam o' Shanter and Souter Johnny' illuminated, and regret not having yet had an opportunity of indulging ourselves with the treat it promises. We doubt not that the effect of illumination on these clever figures must be good, and that the exhibition, under such circumstances, is well worth a second visit.

LITERARY ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Dr. Bowring's Poetry of the Magyars, with an account of the Language and Literature of Hungary and Transylvania, will appear in the month of January, 1830.

In Mr. Murray's List, we observe the following first announcements:—

Consolations in Travel, or the Last Days of a Philosopher; by Sir Humphry Davy, Bart.; in one vol.

The Life of Sir Humphry Davy, comprising a great Part of his early Correspondence; by J. Paris, M.D. 8vo.

Principles of Geology; by C. Lyell, F.R.S., Foreign Secretary of the Geological Society; 2 vols. 8vo.

Memoir of the Life and Public Services of the late Sir Thomas Stamford Raffles, F.R.S.; by his Widow; 4to.

A Narrative of the Life and Adventures of Giovanni Finati, native of Ferrara, who, under the name of Mahomet, made the Campaign against the Wahabees, for the recovery of Mecca and Medina; translated from the Italian as dictated by himself, and edited by William John Bankes, Esq.; 2 vols. small 8vo.

On Financial Reform; by Sir Henry Parnell, Bart.; 8vo.

The Book of Psalms, newly translated from the Hebrew, and with Explanatory Notes; by W. French, D.D. and G. Skinner, M.A.; 1 vol. 8vo.

Mr. Bucke's Tragedy of Julio Romano, or the Display of the Passions, will be published early in February.—It will be accompanied by a Historic Memoir, giving an account of the proceedings in Parliament, last Session, on the claims of Dramatic Writers; Remarks on the present state of the Stage, and the Author's Correspondence with various persons; with an Appendix, stating the manner in which dramatic authors are rewarded in Russia, Germany, and France.

The Rev. Richard Warner, F.A.S.L., has in the press a volume of Literary Recollections and Biographical Sketches.

The Portfolio of the Martyr Student, containing an Introduction—Albert—The Apostate—The Roman Lovers—Aram, &c. &c., will be ready in a few days.

The Rev. Hobart Caunter is preparing for publication a Poem, entitled 'The Island Bride,' with an illustration, by Martin.

The Life and Times of Francis the First, King of France, by James Bacon, Esq. is republished in an improved and enlarged edition.

BOOKS PUBLISHED SINCE OUR LAST.

The New Scheme of Evangelical Religion, addressed to W. Wilberforce, Esq. 12mo. 2s. 6d.

Newland's Apology for the Church in Ireland, 5s.

Dillon's Voyage, 2 vols. 8vo. 24s.

Summary and Index to Herodotus, 1 vol. 12mo. 8s.

Bland's Annotations on Mark, 8vo. 6s. 6d.

Martinet's Manual of Therapeutics, 18mo. 6s.

Thoughts on Antinomianism, by Silvanus, 8vo. 4s.

Murray on Atmospheric Electricity, 8vo. 6s.

Morrison's Outlines of Mental Diseases, 3rd ed. 8vo. 12s.

Essays on Political Economy, 8vo. 14s.

London's Magazine of Natural History, vol. 2, 8vo. 18s.

The Coffee Drinker's Manual, 2nd ed. 2s.

New Chesterfield, or Principles of Politeness, by Car, 3s.

Forby's Vocabulary of East Anglia, 2 vols. 8vo. 21s.

Taitan and Young's Egyptian Grammar and Dictionary, 8vo. 18s.

The Family Classical Library, vol. 1, 18mo. 4s. 6d.

Tales of the Classics, by a Lady, 3 vols. 8vo. 24s.

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—, 2nd Series, 3s. 6d.

Walker's Logic, 5th ed. 12mo. 7s.

Celsus, Latin and English, by Dr. Collier, Part 2, vol. 1, 32mo. 4s.

Burns's Justice, 25th ed. 5 vols. 8vo. by Marriott, 4l. 4s.

Budge's Christian Ministry, 12mo. 8s. 6d.

Mayo's Object Lessons, 12mo. 3s. 6d.

Hood's Whims and Oddities, 1st Series, 4th ed. 10s. 6d.

Natural History of Enthusiasm, 2nd ed. 8vo. 8s.

Smith's Scripture Testimonies, 3 vols. 8vo. 2nd ed. 36s.

Jones's Lectures on the Apocalypse, 8vo. 15s.

Bertha's Visit to her Uncle in England, 3 vols. 12mo. 10s. 6d.

Dell's Evening Amusements, 1830, 6s.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Dec.	Therm. A.M. P.M.	Barom. at Noon	Winds	Weather	Prevailing Clouds.
Mon. 14	33 36	30. 15	S. to N.E.	Cloudy.	Cirrostratus
Tues. 15	34 42	30. 20	S.	Foggy.	Ditto.
Wed. 16	36 43	Stat. N.	N. to N.E.	Cloudy.	Ditto.
Thur. 17	35 28	29. 33	N.	Ditto.	Ditto.
Frid. 18	34 35	29. 45	N.E.	Ditto.	Ditto.
Sat. 19	32 35	29. 55	Ditto.	Ditto.	Ditto.
Sun. 20	28 29	29. 60	N.E.	Ditto.	Ditto.

Mean temperature of the week, 35°.

Mean atmospheric pressure, 29.82.

Highest temperature at noon, 38°.

Astronomical Observations.

The Moon and Saturn in conj. on Tuesday, at 2 A.M.

The Sun and Jupiter in conj. on Friday, at 2 P.M.

Saturn's geocentric longitude on Sunday, 17° 48' in Leo.

Mars's ditto ditto ditto 15° 52' in Scorp.

Sun's ditto ditto ditto 28° 24' in Sagitt.

Length of day on Sunday, 7 h. 44 m.; decreased 8 h. 50 m.

Sun's horary motion, 2' 32" plus. Logarithmic num. of distance, 9.99275.

First of January, 1830, Mr. Valpy will publish Vol. I. price 4s. 6d. (to be continued in Monthly Volumes,) of the

FAMILY CLASSICAL LIBRARY; or ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS of the most valuable GREEK and LATIN CLASSICS.

Cicero remarks, that not to know what has been translated in former times, is to continue always a child. If no use is made of the labours of past ages, the world must remain always in the infancy of knowledge.—*Johnson.*

London: printed by A. J. Valpy, M.A., Red Lion Court, Fleet Street; and sold by all booksellers in the United Kingdom.

To those who are desirous of obtaining a knowledge of the most esteemed authors of Greece and Rome, but possess not the means or leisure for pursuing a regular course of study, the present undertaking must prove a valuable acquisition.

So diversified are the objects to which general education is at present directed, that sufficient time cannot be allowed, in most instances, to lay the foundation of an adequate acquaintance with the most popular authors in the Greek and Latin Languages. In those instances even, in which the object has been attained—where the taste has been formed, and the habit of occasional recurrence to the Classics has been preserved—the facility of reference to a Series of correct and elegant Translations must afford pleasure, and occasional assistance, even to the scholar. To him who, as Dr. Knox observes, already engaged in other pursuits, is still anxious to "retain a tincture of that elegance and liberality of sentiment which the mind acquires by a study of the Classics, and which contributes more to form the true gentleman, than all the substituted ornaments of modern affectation," such a Collection will, it is confidently hoped, prove acceptable.

As the learned languages do not form part of the education of Females, the only access which they have to the valuable stores of antiquity is through the medium of correct translation.

The Selection is intended to include those authors,

whose works may with propriety be read by the youth of both sexes; and it will be obvious that the nature of the publication is of so permanent a character, as to prove equally interesting to posterity as to the present subscribers. The whole will be presented to the public in a cheap, elegant, and uniform size, forming a complete Family Classical Library,* alike useful for the purposes of instruction and amusement. Indeed, as Dr. Parr says, 'if you desire your son, though no great scholar, to read and reflect, it is your duty to place into his hands the best Translations of the best Classical Authors.'

A Biographical Sketch will be prefixed to each author; and Notes will be added, when necessary, for the purpose of illustration.

The importance attached, in the present day, to Translations of the Classic Authors, may be estimated by the fact, that a series has been recently published in France, and that another in the Russian language is now in progress, under the immediate sanction of the imperial Government.

The excellence, as orators and historians, of Demosthenes, Cicero, Herodotus, and Xenophon, will place them foremost in the collection of Prose Authors: these will be followed by Thucydides, Livy, Sallust, Tacitus, &c.—Homer, Virgil, and Horace, will justly take precedence among the Poets.

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London: Moon, Boys, and Graves, Printsellers to the King, 6, Pall Mall.

* This Print contains Portraits of King William III., Lord Coningsby, and Earl Portland, and is dedicated to the Earl of Essex, in whose possession the handkerchief which stanching the wound, and part of the coat, still remain.

Books just published by F. C. Westley, 165, Strand.
SIR ASTLEY COOPER'S LECTURES. As Delivered at St. Thomas's Hospital. 8s. boards, in One Vol.

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There is a newly-invented chair, the manufacture of Mr. Daws, of 17, Margaret Street, Cavendish Square, which it is but justice to a most ingenious man to introduce to the particular notice of our readers.—*Examiner* May 24, 1829.

The nature and merits of this article are considerably known to the public, but can never be estimated till seen and examined, being far more simple, convenient, and desirable, than a description can point out; but which is, nevertheless, respectfully presented as follows:

It is a handsome chair, without any thing remarkable in its appearance, made to a variety of patterns, some suitable to the drawing-room, others to a library, or other sitting room; but the back is capable of assuming any position, either perpendicular, or a little or much reclining downwards to the level of a couch, still retaining an elegant appearance. It has from twelve to twenty positions, any of which are attained with the same ease as opening a door, by the per-on while sitting in it. The arms also retain the most comfortable position.

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Elegant appearance. Not liable to get out of order.
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London: printed for S. Maunders, Newgate Street.

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